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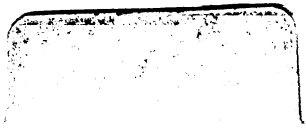

THE
WORKS
OF
OSSIAN,
THE
ON of FINGAL.

THE WORKS OF OSSIAN, THE SON of FINGAL,

Tranſlated from the GALIC LANGUAGE

By JAMES MACPHERSON.

VOL. II.

Fortia facta patrum. VIRG.

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CONLATH AND CUTHONA: A POEM.

CONLATH AND CUTHONA:

A POEM (1).

DID not Oſſian hear a voice? or is it the ſound of days that are no more? Often does the

(1) Conlath was the youngeſt of Morni's ſons, and brother to the celebrated Gaul, who is ſo often mentioned in Oſſian's poems. He was in love with Cuthona the daughter of Rumar, when Toſcar the ſon of Kinfena, accompanied by Fercuth his friend, arrived, from Ireland, at Mora where Conlath dwelt. He was hoſpitably received, and according to the cuſtom of the times, feaſted, three days, with Conlath. On the fourth he ſet ſail, and coaſting the *iſland of waves*, probably, one of the Hebrides, he ſaw Cuthona hunting, fell in love with her, and carried her away, by force, in his ship. He was forced by ſtreſs of weather, into Ithona a deſart iſle. In the mean time Conlath, hearing of the rape, ſailed after him, and found him on the point of ſailing for the coaſt of Ireland. They fought; and they, and their followers fell by mutual wounds. Cuthona did not long ſurvive: for ſhe died of grief the third day after. Fingal, hearing of their unfortunate death, ſent Stormal the ſon of Moran to bury them, but forgot to ſend a bard to ſing the fu-

memory of former times come, like the evening ſun, on my ſoul. The noiſe of the chace is renewed; and, in thought, I lift the ſpear.—But Oſſian did hear a voice: Who art thou, ſon of the night? The ſons of little men are aſleep, and the midnight wind is in my hall. Perhaps it is the ſhield of Fingal that echoes to the blaſt, it hangs in Oſſian's hall, and he feels it ſometimes with his hands. — Yes!—I hear thee, my friend: long has thy voice been abſent from mine ear! What brings thee, on thy cloud, to Oſſian, ſon of the generous Morni? Are the friends of the aged near thee? Where is Oſcar, ſon of fame? He was often near thee, O Conlath, when the din of battle roſe.

Ghost of Conlath.

Sleeps the ſweet voice of Cona, in the midſt of his ruſtling hall? Sleeps Oſſian in his hall, and his friends without their fame? The ſea rolls round the dark I-thona (1), and our

neral ſong over their tombs. The ghoſt of Conlath came, long after, to Oſſian, to intreat him to tranſmit, to poſterity, his and Cuthona's fame. For it was the opinion of the times, that the ſouls of the deceaſed were not happy, till their elegies were compoſed by a bard.——Thus is the ſtory of the poem handed down by tradition.

(1) I-thonn, *iſland of waves*, one of the uninhabited weſtern iſles.

tombs are not ſeen by the ſtranger. How long ſhall our fame be unheard, ſon of the echoing Morven?

OSSIAN.

O that mine eyes could behold thee, as thou ſitteſt, dim, on thy cloud! Art thou like the miſt of Lano; or an half-extinguiſhed meteor? Of what are the ſkirts of thy robe? Of what is thine airy bow!—But he is gone on his blaſt like the ſhadow of miſt.—Come from thy wall, my harp, and let me hear thy ſound. Let the light of memory riſe on Ithona; that I may behold my friends. And Oſſian does behold his friends, on the dark-blue iſle.—The cave of Thona appears, with its moſſy rocks and bending trees. A ſtream roars at its mouth, and Toſcar bends over its courſe. Fercuth is ſad by his ſide: and the maid (1) of his love ſits at a diſtance, and weeps. Does the wind of the waves deceive me? Or do I hear them ſpeak?

TOSCAR.

The night was ſtormy. From their hills the groaning oaks came down. The ſea darkly-tumbled beneath the blaſt, and the roaring waves were climbing againſt our

(1) Cuthona the daughter of Rumar, whom Toſcar had carried away by force.

rocks.—The lightning came often and shewed the blaſted fern. — Fercuth! I ſaw the ghoſt of night. [1] Silent he ſtood on that bank; his robe of miſt flew on the wind. — I could behold his tears: an aged man he ſeemed, and full of thought.

FERCUTH.

It was thy father, O Toſcar; and he foreſees ſome death among his race. Such was his appearance on Cromla, before the great Maronnan [2] fell.—Ullin! [3] with thy hills of graſs, how pleaſant are thy vales! Silence is near thy blue ſtreams, and the ſun is on thy fields. Soft is the ſound of the harp in Selàma [4], and pleaſant the cry of the hun-

(1) It was long thought, in the north of Scotland, that ſtorms were raiſed by the ghoſts of the deceaſed. This notion is ſtill entertained by the vulgar; for they think that whirlwinds, and ſudden ſqualls of wind are occaſioned by ſpirits, who tranſport themſelves, in that manner, from one place to another.

(2) Ma-ronnan was the brother of Toſcar: the tranſlator has a poem in his poſſeſſion concerning the extraordinary death of that hero.

(3) Ulſter in Ireland.

(4) Selamath——*beautiful to behold*, the name of Toſcar's palace, on the eaſt of Ulſter, near the mountain Cromla, the ſcene of the epic poem.

ter on Cromla. But we are in the dark Lithona, ſurrounded by the ſtorm. The billows lift their white heads above our rocks: and we tremble amidſt the night.

TOSCAR.

Whither is the ſoul of battle fled, Fercuth with the locks of age? I have ſeen thee undaunted in danger, and thine eyes burning with joy in the fight. Whither is the ſoul of battle fled? Our fathers never feared.—Go: view the ſettling ſea: the ſtormy wind is laid. The billows ſtill tremble [1] on the deep, and ſeem to fear the blaſt. But view the ſettling ſea: morning is gray on our rocks. The ſun will look ſoon from his eaſt, in all his pride of light.

I lifted up my ſails, with joy, before the halls of generous Conlath. My courſe was by the iſle of waves, where his love purſued the deer. I ſaw her, like that beam of the ſun that iſſues from the cloud. Her hair was on her heaving breaſt; ſhe, bending forward, drew the bow: her white arm ſeemed, behind her, like the ſnow of Cromla:—Come to my ſoul, I ſaid, thou huntreſs of the iſle

(1)——the face of ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horror ſaddens all the deeps.
POPE's Homer.

of waves! But she ſpends her time in tears, and thinks of the generous Conlath. Where can I find thy peace, Cuthona, lovely maid!

CUTHONA (1).

A diſtant ſteep bends over the ſea, with aged trees and moſſy rocks: the billows roll at its feet: on its ſide is the dwelling of roes. The people call it Ardven. There the towers of Mora riſe. There Conlath looks over the ſea for his only love. The daughters of the chace returned, and he beheld their downcaſt eyes. Where is the daughter of Rumar? But they anſwered not.—My peace dwells on Ardven, ſon of the diſtant land!

TOSCAR.

And Cuthona ſhall return to her peace; to the halls of generous Conlath. He is the friend of Toſcar: I have feaſted in his halls.—Riſe, ye gentle breezes of Ullin, and ſtretch my ſails towards Ardven's ſhores. Cuthona ſhall reſt on Ardven: but the days of Toſcar will be ſad.—I ſhall ſit in my cave in the field of the ſun. The blaſt will ruſtle in my trees, and

(1) Cu-thona, *the mournful ſound of the waves*; a poetical name given her by Oſſian, on account of her mourning to the ſound of the waves; her name in tradition is Gorm-huil, *the blue-eyed maid.*

I shall think it is Cuthona's voice. But she is diſtant far, in the halls of the mighty Conlath.

CUTHONA.

Oh! what cloud is that? It carries the ghoſts of my fathers. I ſee the skirts of their robes, like gray and watry miſt. When ſhall I fall, O Rumar? — Sad Cuthona ſees her death. Will not Conlath behold me, before I enter the narrow houſe? (1)

OSSIAN.

And he will behold thee, O maid: he comes along the rolling ſea. The death of Toſcar is dark on his ſpear; and a wound is in his ſide. He is pale at the cave of Thona, and ſhews his ghaſtly wound (2). Where art thou with thy tears, Cuthona? the chief of

(1) The grave.

(2) ——*inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris;
Crudeles aras, traſectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit. —— VIRG.

——the ghoſt appears
Of her unhappy lord; the ſpectre ſtares,
And with erected eyes his bloody boſom bares.
DRYDEN.

Mora dies! —The vision grows dim on my mind:—I behold the chiefs no more. But, O ye bards of future times, remember the fall of Conlath with tears: he fell before his day (1); and sadness darkened in his hall. His mother looked to his shield on the wall, and it was bloody (2). She knew that her hero died, and her sorrow was heard on Mora.

Art thou pale, on thy rock, Cuthona, beside the fallen chiefs? The night comes, and the day returns, but none appears to raise their tomb. Thou frightnest the screaming fowls (3) away, and thy tears for ever flow. Thou art pale as a watry cloud, that rises from a lake.

(1) *Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat, Sed misera ante diem, &c.* VIRG.

(2) It was the opinion of the times, that the arms left by the heroes at home, became bloody the very instant their owners were killed, though at ever so great a distance.

(3) The situation of Cuthona is like that of Rizpah, Saul's mistress, who sat by her sons after they had been hanged by the Gibeonites.

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of the harvest until water dropped on them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of prey by night. 2 SAM. xxi. 10.

The ſons of the deſart came, and they found her dead. They raiſe a tomb over the heroes; and she reſts at the ſide of Conlath.—Come not to my dreams, O Conlath; for thou haſt received thy fame. Be thy voice far diſtant from my hall; that ſleep may deſcend at night. O that I could forget my friends till my footſteps ceaſe to be ſeen! till I come among them with joy! and lay my aged limbs in the narrow houſe!

CARTHON:

A

POEM.

[illegible]

CARTHON (1):

A POEM.

A TALE of the times of old! The deeds of lays of other years!—The murmur of thy

(1) This poem is compleat, and the ſubject of it, s of moſt of Oſſian's compoſitions, tragical. In he time of Comhal the ſon of Trathal, and fa-her of the celebrated Fingal, Cleſsámmor the ſon of Thaddu and brother of Morna, Fingal's mother, was driven by a ſtorm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which ſtood Balcluiha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hoſpitably received by Reuthámir, the principal man in the place, who gave him Moina his only daughter in marriage. Reuda, the ſon of Cormo, a Briton who was in love with Moina, came to Reuthámir's houſe, and behaved haughtily towards Cleſsámmor. A quarrel enſued, in which Reuda is killed; the Britons, who attended him preſſed hard on Cleſsámmor, that he was obliged to ow himſelf into the Clyde, and ſwim to his ship. hoiſted ſail, and the wind being favourable, him out to ſea. He often endeavoured to re-, and carry off his beloved Moina by night; the wind continuing contrary, he was forced ſiſt.

ina, who had been left with child by her nd, brought forth a ſon, and died ſoon ——Reuthámir named the child Carthon, *i. e. rmur of waves*, from the ſtorm which carried Cleſsámmor his father, who was ſuppoſed to

ſtreams, O Lora, brings back the memory of the paſt. The ſound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Doſt thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged firs bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and ſhakes its white head in the breeze. The thiſtle is there alone, and ſheds its aged beard. Two ſtones, half ſunk in the ground, ſhew their heads of moſs. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds the gray ghoſt that guards it (1): for the mighty lie, O Malvina,

have been caſt away. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal the father of Fingal, in one of his expeditions againſt the Britons, took and burnt Balclutha. Reuthámir was killed in the attack: and Carthon was carried ſafe away by his nurſe, who fled farther into the country of the Britons. Carthon, coming to man's eſtate was reſolved to revenge the fall of Balclutha on Comhal's poſterity. He ſet ſail; from the Clyde, and, falling on the coaſt of Morven, defeated two of Fingal's heroes, who came to oppoſe his progreſs. He was, at laſt, unwittingly killed by his father Cleſsámmor, in a ſingle combat. This ſtory is the foundation of the preſent poem, which opens on the night preceding the death of Carthon, ſo that what paſſed before is introduced by way of epiſode. The poem is addreſſed to Malvina the daughter of Toſcar.

(1) It was the opinion of the times, that deer ſaw the ghoſts of the dead. To this day, when beaſts ſuddenly ſtart without any apparent cauſe,

he narrow plain of the rock. A tale of the
es of old! the deeds of days of others
rs!

Who comes from the land of ſtrangers,
th his thouſands around him? the ſun-beam
rs its bright ſtream before him; and his hair
ets the wind of his hills. His face is ſettled
n war. He is calm as the evening beam that
ks, from the cloud of the weſt, on Cona's
nt vale. Who is it but Comhal's ſon (1),
king of mighty deeds! He beholds his
ls with joy, and bids a thouſand voices
.—Ye have fled over your fields, ye ſons
the diſtant land! The king of the world
in his hall, and hears of his people's flight.
lifts his red eye of pride, and takes his
her's ſword. Ye have fled over your fields,
s of the diſtant land!

Such were the words of the bards, when
y came to Selma's hall.—A thouſand
hts (2) from the ſtranger's land roſe, in the

vulgar think that they ſee the ſpirits of the
eaſed.

(1) Fingal returns here, from an expedition
inſt the Romans, which was celebrated by Oſ-
n in a particular poem which is in the tranſla-
's poſſeſſion.

(2) Probably wax-lights; which are often men-
ned as carried, among other booty, from the
man province.

midst of the people. The feast is spread around; and the night passed away in joy.—Where is the noble Clessammor (1), said the fair-haired Fingal? Where is the companion of my father, in the days of my joy? Sullen and dark he passes his days in the vale of echoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a steed (2) in his strength, who

(1) Clessamh-mor, *mighty deeds*,

(2) Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength.
JOB.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις ςατὸς ἵππος ἀκοςήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας, &c. HOM. Il. 15.

The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting. POPE.

Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinclis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
——Ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum:
——arrectisque fremit cervicibus altè
Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.
VIRGIL.

finds his companions in the breeze; and toſſes his bright mane in the wind.—Bleſt be the ſoul of Cleſſammor, why ſo long from Selma?

Returns the chief, ſaid Cleſſammor, in the midſt of his fame? Such was the renown of Comhal in the battles of his youth. Often did we paſs over Carun to the land of the ſtrangers: our ſwords returned, not unſtained with blood: nor did the kings of the world rejoice.—Why do I remember the battles of my youth? My hair is mixed with gray. My hand forgets to bend the bow: and I lift a lighter ſpear. O that my joy would return, as when I firſt beheld the maid; the white boſomed daughter of ſtrangers, Moina (1) with the dark-blue eyes!

Tell, ſaid the mighty Fingal, the tale of

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
——O'er his ſhoulders flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high.
DRYDEN.

(1) Moina, *ſoft in temper and perſon.* We find iſh names in this poem derived from the Galic, ch is a proof that the ancient language of the le iſland was one and the ſame.

thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the ſun, ſhades the ſoul of Cleſſammor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone, on the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the ſorrow of thy youth, and the darkneſs of thy days.

It was in the days of peace, replied the great Cleſſammor, I came, in my bounding ſhip, to Balclutha's (1) walls of towers. The winds had roared behind my ſails, and Clutha's (2) ſtreams received my dark-boſomed veſſel. Three days I remained in Reuthamir's halls, and ſaw that beam of light, his daughter. The joy of the ſhell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her breaſts were like foam on the wave, and her hair was dark as the raven's wing: her ſoul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great: and my heart poured forth in joy.

The ſon of a ſtranger came; a chief who loved the white-boſomed Moina. His words were mighty in the hall, and he often half-unſheathed his ſword.—Where, he ſaid, is

(1) Balclutha, *i. e. the town of Clyde*, probably the *Alcluth* of Bede.

(2) Clutha, or Cluath, the Galic name of the river Clyde, the ſignification of the word is *bending*, in alluſion to the winding courſe of that river. From Clutha is derived its Latin name, Glotta.

the mighty Comhal, the reſtleſs wanderer (1) of the heath? Comes he, with his hoſt, to Balclutha, ſince Cleſſammor is ſo bold?

My ſoul, I replied, O warrior! burns in a light of its own. I ſtand without fear in the midſt of thouſands, though the valiant are diſtant far. —Stranger! thy words are mighty, for Cleſſammor is alone. But my ſword trembles by my ſide, and longs to glitter in my hand. —Speak no more of Comhal, ſon of the winding Clutha!

The ſtrength of his pride aroſe. We fought; he fell beneath my ſword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall, and a thouſand ſpears glittered around. I fought: the ſtrangers prevailed: I plunged into the ſtream of Clutha. My white ſails roſe over the waves, and I bounded on the dark-blue ſea.—Moina came to the ſhore, and rolled the red eye of her tears: her dark hair flew on the wind; and I heard her cries.—Often did I turn my ſhip; but the winds of the Eaſt prevailed. Nor Clutha ever ſince have I ſeen: nor Moina of the dark brown hair.—She fell in Balclutha: for I have ſeen her ghoſt.

(1) The word in the original here rendered by *reſtleſs wanderer*, is *Scuta*, which is the true origin of the *Scoti* of the Romans; an opprobrious name impoſed by the Britons, on the Caledonians, on account of the continual incurſions into their country.

I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora: she was like the new moon (1) seen through the gathered mist: when the sky pours down its flaky snow, and the world is silent and dark.

Raise (2), ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, and the delight of he-

(1) *Inter quas Phœnissa recens a vulnere Dido*
Errabat sylva in magna, quam Troius heros
Ut primum juxta stetit, agnovitque per umbram
Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam.
VIRG.

Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light, &c.
DRYDEN.

(2) The title of this poem, in the original, is *Duan naonlaoi*, *i. e. The Poem of the Hymns*: probably on account of its many digressions from the subject, all which are in lyric measure, as this song of Fingal. Fingal is celebrated by the Irish historians for his wisdom in making laws, his poetical

of old.—I have ſeen the walls (1) of
itha, but they were deſolate. The fire
ſounded in the halls: and the voice of
ople is heard no more. The ſtream of
a was removed from its place, by the
the walls.—The thiſtle ſhook, there, its
head: the moſs whiſtled to the wind.
ox looked out, from the windows; the
graſs of the wall waved round his head.
ſolate is the dwelling of Moina, ſilence is
houſe of her fathers.—Raiſe the ſong of
ning, O bards, over the land of ſtran-
They have but fallen before us: for, one
we muſt fall.—Why doſt thou build the
ſon of the winged days? Thou lookeſt
thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and
aſt of the deſart comes; it howls in thy
court, and whiſtles round thy half-worn
.—And let the blaſt of the deſart come!
all be renowned in our day. The mark
y arm ſhall be in the battle, and my
in the ſong of bards.—Raiſe the ſong;
ound the ſhell: and let joy be heard in my
—When thou, ſun of heaven, ſhalt fail!
ſhalt fail, thou mighty light if thy bright-

, and his foreknowledge of events.—
ierty goes ſo far as to ſay, that Fingal's laws
ſtant in his own time.

The reader may compare this paſſage with the
laſt verſes of the 13th chapter of Iſaiah,
he prophet foretells the deſtruction of Babylon.

neſs is for a ſeaſon, like Fingal; our fame ſhall ſurvive thy beams.

Such was the ſong of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thouſand bards leaned forward from their ſeats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the muſic of the harp on the gale of the ſpring. — Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal! why had not Oſſian the ſtrength of thy ſoul? — But thou ſtandeſt alone, my father; and who can equal the king of Morven?

The night paſſed away in ſong, and morning returned in joy;—the mountains ſhewed their gray heads; and the blue face of ocean ſmiled.—The white wave is ſeen tumbling round the diſtant rock; the gray miſt riſes, ſlowly, from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the ſilent plain. Its large limbs did not move in ſteps; for a ghoſt ſupported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and diſſolved in a ſhower of blood.

The king alone beheld the terrible ſight, and he foreſaw the death of the people. He came, in ſilence, to his hall; and took his father's ſpear.—The mail rattled on his breaſt. The heroes roſe around. They looked, in ſilence, on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal.—They ſaw the battle in his face: the death

his ſpear.—A thouſand shields, at once, are placed on their arms; and they drew a thouſand ſwords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms aſcends.—The gray dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs.—Each marked the eyes of the king; and half aſſumed his ſpear.

Sons of Morven, begun the king, this is no time to fill the shell. The battle darkens near us; and death hovers over the land. Some ghoſt, the friend of Fingal, has forewarned us of the foe.—The ſons of the ſtranger come from the darkly-rolling ſea. For, from the water, came the ſign of Morven's gloomy danger.—Let each (1) aſſume his heavy ſpear, and gird on his father's ſword.—Let

(1) Εὖ μὲν τὶς δόρυ θηξάσθω, ἐυ δ' ἀσπίδα θέσθω.

HOM. ii. 382.

His sharpen'd ſpear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield, &c.

POPE.

Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture right, no drizling shower,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.

MILTON.

the dark helmet riſe on every head; and the mail pour its lightening from every ſide.—The battle gathers like a tempeſt, and ſoon ſhall ye hear the roar of death.

The hero moved on before his hoſt, like a cloud before a ridge of heaven's fire; when it pours on the ſky of night, and mariners foreſee a ſtorm. On Cona's riſing heath they ſtood: the white-boſomed maids beheld them above like a grove; they foreſaw the death of their youths, and looked towards the ſea with fear.—The white wave deceived them for diſtant ſails, and the tear is on their cheek.

The ſun roſe on the ſea, and we beheld a diſtant fleet.—Like the miſt of ocean they came: and poured their youth upon the coaſt.—The chief was among them, like the ſtag in the midſt of the herd.—His ſhield is ſtudded with gold, and ſtately ſtrode the kind of ſpears.—He moved towards Selma; his thouſands moved behind.

Go, with thy ſong of peace, ſaid Fingal; go, Ullin, to the king of ſwords. Tell him that we are mighty in battle; and that the ghoſts of our foes are many.—But renowned are they who have feaſted in my halls! they ſhew the arms (1) of my fathers in a foreign

(1) It was a cuſtom among the ancient Scots, to

land: the ſons of the ſtranger wonder, and bleſs the friends of Morven's race; for our names have been heard afar; the kings of the world ſhook in the midſt of their people.

Ullin went with his ſong. Fingal reſted on his ſpear: he ſaw the mighty foe in his armour: and he bleſt the ſtranger's ſon.

How ſtately art thou, ſon of the ſea! ſaid the king of woody Morven. Thy ſword is a beam of might by thy ſide: thy ſpear is a fir that defies the ſtorm. The varied face of the moon is not broader than thy ſhield.—Ruddy is thy face of youth! ſoft the ringlets of thy hair!—But this tree may fall; and his memory be forgot!—The daughter of the ſtranger will be ſad, and look to the rolling ſea:—the children will ſay, « We ſee a ſhip; « perhaps it is the king of Balclutha. » The tear ſtarts from their mother's eye. Her thoughts are of him that ſleeps in Morven.

Such were the words of the king, when Ullin came to the mighty Carthon: he threw down the ſpear before him; and raiſed the ſong of peace.

Come to the feaſt of Fingal, Carthon, from

exchange arms with their gueſts, and thoſe arms were preſerved long in the different families, as monuments of the friendship which ſubſiſted between their anceſtors.

the rolling ſea! partake the feaſt of the king, or lift the ſpear of war. The ghoſts of our foes are many: but renowned are the friends of Morven!

Behold that field, O Carthon; many a green hill riſes there, with moſſy ſtones and ruſtling graſs: theſe are the tombs of Fingal's foes, the ſons of the rolling ſea.

Doſt thou ſpeak to the feeble in arms, ſaid Carthon, bard of the woody Morven? Is my face pale for fear, ſon of the peaceful ſong? Why, then, doſt thou think to darken my ſoul with the tales of thoſe who fell? — My arm has fought in the battle; my renown is known afar. Go to the feeble in arms, and bid them yield to Fingal. — Have not I ſeen the fallen Balclutha? And ſhall I feaſt with Comhal's ſon? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midſt of my father's hall! I was young, and knew not the cauſe why the virgins wept. The columns of ſmoke pleaſed mine eye, when they roſe above my walls; I often looked back, with gladneſs, when my friends fled along the hill. — But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moſs of my fallen walls: my ſigh aroſe with the morning, and my tears deſcended with night. — Shall I not fight, I ſaid to my ſoul, againſt the children of my foes? And I will fight, O bard; I feel the ſtrength of my ſoul.

His people gathered around the hero, and drew, at once, their shining ſwords. He ſtands, in the midſt, like a pillar of fire; the tear half-ſtarting from his eye; for he thought of the fallen Balclutha, and the crowded pride of his ſoul aroſe. Sidelong he looked up to the hill, where our heroes shone in arms; the ſpear trembled in his hand: and, bending forward, he ſeemed to threaten the king.

Shall I, ſaid Fingal to his ſoul, meet, at once, the king? Shall I ſtop him, in the midſt of his courſe, before his fame shall ariſe? But the bard, hereafter, may ſay, when he ſees the tomb of Carthon; Fingal took his thouſands, along with him, to battle, before the noble Carthon fell.—No:—bard of the times to come! thou shalt not leſſen Fingal's fame. My heroes will fight the youth, and Fingal behold the battle. If he overcomes, I rush, in my ſtrength, like the roaring ſtream of Cona.

Who, of my heroes, will meet the ſon of the rolling ſea? Many are his warriors on the coaſt: and ſtrong is his ashen ſpear!

Cathul (1) roſe, in his ſtrength, the ſon of the mighty Lormar: three hundred youths

(1) Cath-'huil, *the eye of battle.*

attend the chief, the race (1) of his native ſtreams. Feeble was his arm againſt Carthon, he fell; and his heroes fled.

Connal (2) reſumed the battle, but he broke his heavy ſpear: he lay bound on the field: and Carthon purſued his people.

Cleſſammor! ſaid the king (3) of Morven, where is the ſpear of thy ſtrength? Wilt thou behold Connal bound; thy friend, at the ſtream of Lora? Riſe, in the light of thy ſteel, thou friend of Comhal. Let the youth of Balclutha feel the ſtrength of Morven's race.

He roſe in the ſtrength of his ſteel, shaking his grizly locks. He fitted the shield to his ſide; and rushed, in the pride of valour.

Carthon ſtood, on that heathy rock, and ſaw the heroes approach. He loved the terrible joy of his face: and his ſtrength, in the

(1) It appears, from this paſſage, that clanship was eſtabliſhed, in the days of Fingal, though not on the ſame footing with the preſent tribes in the north of Scotland.

(2) This Connal is very much celebrated in ancient poetry, for his wiſdom and valour: there is a ſmall tribe ſtill ſubſiſting, in the North, who pretend they are deſcended from him.

(3) Fingal did not then know that Carthon was the ſon of Cleſſammor.

locks of age.—Shall I lift that ſpear, he ſaid, that never ſtrikes, but once, a foe? Or ſhall I, with the words of peace, preſerve the warrior's life? Stately are his ſteps of age!—lovely the remnant of his years. Perhaps it is the love of Moina; the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard, that he dwelt at the echoing ſtream of Lora.

Such were his words, when Cleſſammor came, and lifted high his ſpear. The youth received it on his ſhield, and ſpoke the words of peace.—Warrior of the aged locks! Is there no youth to lift the ſpear? Haſt thou no ſon, to raiſe the ſhield before his father, and to meet the arm of youth? Is the ſpouſe of thy love no more? or weeps ſhe over the tombs of thy ſons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my ſword if thou ſhalt fall?

It will be great, thou ſon of pride! begun the tall Cleſſammor, I have been renowned in battle; but I never told my name (1) to a foe. Yield to me, ſon of the wave, and then

(1) To tell one's name to an enemy was reckoned, in thoſe days of heroiſm, a manifeſt evaſion of fighting him; for, if it was once known, that friendſhip ſubſiſted, of old, between the anceſtors of the combatants, the battle immediately ceaſed; and the ancient amity of their forefathers was renewed. *A man who tells his name to his enemy*, was of old an ignominious term for a coward.

thou ſhalt know, that the mark of my ſword is in many a field.

I never yielded, king of ſpears! replied the noble pride of Carthon: I have alſo fought in battles; and I behold my future fame. Deſpiſe me not, thou chief of men; my arm, my ſpear is ſtrong. Retire among thy friends, and let young heroes fight.

Why doſt thou wound my ſoul, replied Cleſſammor with a tear? Age does not tremble on my hand? I ſtill can lift the ſword. Shall I fly in Fingal's ſight; in the ſight of him I loved? Son of the ſea! I never fled: exalt thy pointed ſpear.

They fought, like two contending winds, that ſtrive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his ſpear to err; for he ſtill thought that the foe was the ſpouſe of Moina.—He broke Cleſſammor's beamy ſpear in twain: and ſeized his ſhining ſword. But as Carthon was binding the chief; the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He ſaw the foe's uncovered ſide; and opened, there, a wound.

Fingal ſaw Cleſſammor low: he moved in the ſound of his ſteel. The hoſt ſtood ſilent, in his preſence; they turned their eyes towards the hero.— He came, like the ſullen noiſe of a ſtorm, before the winds ariſe: the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock.

Carthon ſtood in his place: the blood is rushing down his ſide: he ſaw the coming down of the king; and his hopes of fame aroſe (1); but pale was his cheek: his hair flew looſe, his helmet shook on high: the force of Carthon failed; but his ſoul was ſtrong.

Fingal beheld the heroes blood; he ſtopt the uplifted ſpear. Yield, king of ſwords! ſaid Comhal's ſon; I behold thy blood. Thou haſt been mighty in battle; and thy fame shall never fade.

Art thou the king ſo far renowned, replied the car-borne Carthon? Art thou that light of death, that frightens the kings of the world?—But why should Carthon ask? for he is like the ſtream of his deſart; ſtrong as a river, in his courſe; ſwift as the eagle of the sky.— O that I had fought with the king; that my fame might be great in the ſong! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might ſay, he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies unknown; he has poured out his force on the feeble.

(1) This expreſſion admits of a double meaning, either that Carthon hoped to acquire glory by killing Fingal; or to be rendered famous by falling by his hand. The laſt is the moſt probable, as Carthon is already wounded.

But thou shalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morven: my bards are many, O Carthon, and their ſongs deſcend to future times. The children of the years to come ſhall hear the fame of Carthon; when they ſit round the burning oak (1), and the night is ſpent in the ſongs of old. The hunter ſitting in the heath, ſhall hear the ruſtling blaſt; and, raiſing his eyes, behold the rock where Carthon fell. He ſhall turn to his ſon, and ſhew the place where the mighty fought; « There the king of Balclutha fought, like the ſtrength of a thouſand ſtreams. »

Joy roſe in Carthon's face: he lifted his heavy eyes.—He gave his ſword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain on Morven. —The battle ceaſed along the field, for the bard had ſung the ſong of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words, with ſighs. Silent they leaned on their ſpears, while Balclutha's hero ſpoke. His hair ſighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

King of Morven, Carthon ſaid, I fall in

(1) In the north of Scotland, till very lately, they burnt a large trunk of an oak at their feſtivals; it was called *the trunk of the feaſt*. Time had ſo much conſecrated the cuſtom, that the vulgar *thought it a kind of* ſacrilege to diſuſe it.

the midſt of my courſe. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the laſt of Reuthamir's race. Darkneſs dwells in Balcluṫha: and the ſhadows of grief in Crathmo.—But raiſe my remembrance on the banks of Lora: where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the huſband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.

His words reached the heart of Cleſſammor: he fell, in ſilence, on his ſon. The hoſt ſtood darkened around: no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the eaſt, looked on the mournful field: but ſtill they ſtood, like a ſilent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned over Carthon; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; and a dim ghoſt defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often ſeen; when the ſun-beam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There ſhe is ſeen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the ſtrangers land; and ſhe is ſtill alone.

Fingal was ſad for Carthon; he deſired his bards to mark the day, when ſhadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark

the day, and ſing the hero's praiſe. Who comes ſo dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's ſhadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of ſwords? The people fall! ſee! how he ſtrides, like the ſullen ghoſt of Morven!—But there he lies a goodly oak, which ſudden blaſts overturned! When ſhalt thou riſe, Balclutha's joy! lovely carborne Carthon?—Who comes ſo dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's ſhadowy cloud?

Such were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning: I have accompanied their voice; and added to their ſong. My ſoul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his valour: and thou, O Cleſſammor! where is thy dwelling in the air? Has the youth forgot his wound? And flies he, on the clouds, with thee? —I feel the ſun, O Malvina, leave me to my reſt. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice.— The beam of heaven delights to ſhine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rolleſt above (1), round as the ſhield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O ſun! thy everlaſting light? Thou

(1) This paſſage is ſomething ſimilar to Satan's

comeſt forth in thy awful beauty, and the ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky; the moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave. But thou thyſelf moveſt alone: who can be a companion of thy courſe! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themſelves decay with years; the ocean ſhrinks and grows again: the moon herſelf is loſt in heaven; but thou art for ever the ſame; rejoicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When the world is dark with tempeſts; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookeſt in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But to Oſſian, thou lookeſt in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eaſtern clouds, or thou trembleſt at the gates of the weſt. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a ſeaſon, and thy years will have an end. Thou ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, careleſs of the voice of the morning. — Exult then, O ſun, in the ſtrength of thy youth! Age

addreſs to the Sun, in the fourth book of Paradiſe Loſt.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun!

is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

THE
DEATH
OF
CUCHULLIN:
A POEM.

THE

DEATH

OF

CUCHULLIN:

A POEM. (1)

IS the wind on Fingal's shield? Or is the voice of paſt times in my hall? Sing

(1) Tradition throws conſiderable light on the hiſtory of Ireland, during the long reign of Fingal, the ſon of Comhal, in Morven. —— Arth, the ſon of Cairbre, ſupreme king of Ireland, dying, was ſucceeded by his ſon Cormac, a minor.—— The petty kings and chiefs of the tribes met at Temora, the royal palace, in order to chuſe, out of their own number, a guardian to the young king. Diſputes, concerning the choice of a proper perſon, run high, and it was reſolved to end all differences by giving the tuition of the young king to Cuchullin, the ſon of Semo, who had rendered himſelf famous by his great actions, and who reſided, at the time, with Connal, the ſon of Caithbat, in Ulſter.

Cuchullin was but three and twenty years old,

on, ſweet voice, for thou art pleaſant, and carrieſt away my night with joy. Sing on,

when he aſſumed the management of affairs in Ireland: and the invaſion of Swaran happened, two years after. In the twenty-ſeventh year of Cuchullin's age, and the third of his adminiſtration, Torlath, the ſon of Cantéla, one of the chiefs of that colony of Belgæ, who were in poſſeſſion of the ſouth of Ireland, ſet up for himſelf in Connaught, and advanced towards Temora, in order to dethrone Cormac, who, excepting Feradath, afterwards king of Ireland, was the only one of the Scotch race of kings exiſting in that country. Cuchullin marched againſt him, came up with him at the lake of Lego, and totally defeated his forces. Torlath fell in the battle by Cuchullin's hand; but as he himſelf preſſed too eagerly on the flying enemy, he was mortally wounded by an arrow, and died the ſecond day after.

The good fortune of Cormac fell with Cuchullin: many ſet up for themſelves, and anarchy and confuſion reigned. At laſt Cormac was taken off; and Cairbar, lord of Atha, one of the competitors for the throne, having defeated all his rivals, became ſole monarch of Ireland.——The family of Fingal, who were in the intereſt of Cormac's family, were reſolved to deprive Cairbar of the throne he had uſurped; in particular, Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian had determined to revenge the death of Cathol, his friend, who had been aſſaſſinated by Cairbar.——The threats of Oſcar reached Cairbar's ears: he invited him in a friendly manner to a feaſt which he had prepared at the royal palace of Temora, reſolving to pick a quarrel, and have ſome pretext for killing him.

The quarrel happened; the followers of both

O Bragéla, daughter of car-borne Songlan!

It is the white wave of the rock, and not Cuchullin's ſails. Often do miſts deceive me for the ſhip of my love! when they riſe round ſome ghoſt, and ſpread their gray ſkirts on the wind. Why doſt thou delay thy coming, ſon of the generous Semo?

fought, and Cairbar and Oſcar fell by mutual wounds; in the mean time Fingal arrived from Scotland with an army, defeated the friends of Cairbar, and re-eſtabliſhed the family of Cormac in the poſſeſſion of the kingdom.——The preſent poem concerns the death of Cuchullin. It is, in the original, called, *Duan loch Leigo*, i. e. *The Poem of Lego's Lake*, and is an epiſode introduced in a great poem, which celebrated the laſt expedition of Fingal into Ireland. The greateſt part of the poem is loſt, and nothing remains but ſome epiſode, which a few old people in the north of Scotland retain on memory.——Cuchullin is the moſt famous champion in the Iriſh traditions and poems; in them he is always called the *redoubtable Cuchullin*; and the fables concerning his ſtrength and valour are innumerable. Oſſian thought his expedition againſt the Fir-bolg, or Belgæ of Britain, a ſubject fit for an epic poem; which was extant till of late, and was called *Tora-na-ſana*, or a *Diſpute about Poſſeſſions*, as the war which was the foundation of it, was commenced by the Britiſh Belgæ, who inhabited Ireland, in order to extend their territories.——The fragments that remain of this poem are animated with the genuine ſpirit of Oſſian; ſo that there can be no doubt that it was of his compoſition.

—Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raiſed the ſeas of Togorma (1), ſince thou haſt been in the roar of battles, and Bragéla diſtant far.—Hills of the iſle of miſt! when will ye anſwer to his hounds? —But ye are dark in your clouds, and ſad Bragéla calls in vain. Night comes rolling down: the face of ocean fails. The heath-cock's head is beneath his wing: the hind ſleeps with the hart of the deſart. They ſhall riſe with the morning's light, and feed on the moſſy ſtream. But my tears return with the ſun, my ſighs come on with the night. When wilt thou come in thine arms, O chief of moſſy Tura?

Pleaſant is thy voice in Oſſian's ear; daughter of car-borne Sorglan! But retire to the hall of ſhells; to the beam of the burning oak. — Attend to the murmur of the ſea: it rolls at Dunſcaich's walls: let ſleep deſcend on thy blue eyes, and the hero come to thy dreams.

(1) Togorma, *i. e. The iſland of blue waves*, one of the Hebrides, was ſubject to Connal, the ſon of Caithbat, Cuchullin's friend. —— He is ſometimes called the ſon of Colgar, from one of that name who was the founder of the family.—— Connal, a few days before the news of Torlath's revolt came to Temora, had ſailed to Togorma his native iſle, where he was detained by contrary winds during the war in wich Cuchullin was killed.

Cuchullin ſits at Lego's lake, at the dark roſſing of waters. Night is around the hero; and his thouſands ſpread on the heath: a hundred oaks burn in the midſt, the feaſt of ſhells is ſmoaking wide—Carril ſtrikes the harp, beneath a tree; his gray locks glitter in the beam; the ruſtling blaſt of night is near, and lifts his aged hair. — His ſong is of the blue Togorma, and of its chief, Cuchullin's friend.

Why art thou abſent, Connal, in the day of the gloomy ſtorm? The chiefs of the ſouth have convened againſt the car-borne Cormac: the winds detain thy ſails, and thy blue waters roll around thee. But Cormac is not alone: the ſon of Semo fights his battles. Semo's ſon his battles fights! the terror of the ſtranger! he that is like the vapour of death (1), ſlowly borne

(1) Οἵη δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἐρεβεννὴ φαίνεται ἀὴρ
Καύματος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσαέος ὀρνυμένοιο.

HOM. Il. 5.

As vapours blown by Auſter's ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius riſe,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the ſkies;

POPE.

by ſultry winds. The ſun reddens in its preſence, the people fall around.

Such was the ſong of Carril, when a ſon of the foe appeared; he threw down his pointleſs ſpear, and ſpoke the words of Torlath, Torlath the chief of heroes, from Lego's ſable ſurge: he that led his thouſands to battle, againſt car-borne Cormac, Cormac, who was diſtant far, in Temora's (1) echoing halls: he learned to bend the bow of his fathers, and to lift the ſpear. Nor long didſt thou lift the ſpear, midly-ſhining beam of youth! death ſtands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light.

Cuchullin roſe before the bard (2), that came from generous Torlath; he offered him the ſhell of joy, and honoured the ſon of ſongs. Sweet voice of Lego! he ſaid,

(1) The royal palace of the Iriſh kings; Teamhrath according to ſome of the bards.

(2) The bards were the heralds of ancient times; and their perſons were ſacred on account of their office. In later times they abuſed that privilege; and as their perſons were inviolable, they ſatyriſed and lampooned ſo freely thoſe who were not liked by their patrons, that they became a public nuiſance. Screened under the character of heralds, they groſly abuſed the enemy when he would not accept the terms they offered.

what are the words of Torlath? Comes he to our feaſt or battle, the car-borne ſon of Cantéla (1).

He comes to thy battle, replied the bard; to the ſounding ſtrife of ſpears. — When morning is gray on Lego, Torlath will fight on the plain: and wilt thou meet him, in thine arms, king of the iſle of miſt? Terrible is the ſpear of Torlath! it is a meteor of night. He lifts it, and the people fall: death ſits in the lightning of his ſword.

Do I fear, replied Cuchullin, the ſpear of car-borne Torlath? He is brave as a thouſand heroes; but my ſoul delights in war. The ſword reſts not by the ſide of Cuchullin, bard of the times of old! Morning ſhall meet me on the plain, and gleam on the blue arms of Semo's ſon. — But ſit thou, on the heath, O bard! and let us hear thy voice: partake of the joyful ſhell; and hear the ſongs of Temora.

This is no time, replied the bard, to hear the ſong of joy; when the mighty are to meet in battle like the ſtrength of the waves of Lego. Why art thou ſo dark, Slimora (2)! with all thy ſilent woods? No

(1) Ceann-teola', *head of a family.*

(2) Slia'-mór, *great hill.*

green ſtar trembles on thy top; no moon-beam on thy ſide. But the meteors of death are there, and the gray watry forms of ghoſts. Why art thou dark, Slimora! with thy ſilent woods?

He retired, in the ſound of his ſong; Carril accompanied his voice. The muſic was like the memory of joys that are paſt, pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul. The ghoſts of departed bards heard it from Slimora's ſide. Soft ſounds ſpread along the wood, and the ſilent valleys of night rejoice.—So, when he ſits in the ſilence of noon, in the valley of his breeze, the humming of the mountain bee comes to Oſſian's ear: the gale drowns it often in its courſe; but the pleaſant ſound returns again.

Raiſe, ſaid Cuchullin, to his hundred bards, the ſong of the noble Fingal: that ſong which he hears at night, when the dreams of his reſt deſcend: when the bards ſtrike the diſtant harp, and the faint light gleams on Selma's walls. Or let the grief of Lara riſe, and the ſighs of the mother of Calmar (1), when he was ſought, in vain,

(1) Calmar the ſon of Matha. His death is related at large, in the third book of Fingal. He was the only ſon of Matha; and the family was extinct in him.——The ſeat of the family was on the banks of the river Lara, in the neighbourhood of Lego, on

on his hills; and she beheld his bow in the hall. —Carril, place the shield of Caithbat on that branch; and let the ſpear of Cuchullin be near; that the ſound of my battle may riſe with the gray beam of the eaſt.

The hero leaned on his father's shield: the ſong of Lara roſe. The hundred bards were diſtant far: Carril alone is near the chief. The words of the ſong were his; and the ſound of his harp was mournful.

Alclétha (1) with the aged locks! mother of car-borne Calmar! why doſt thou look towards the deſart, to behold the return of thy ſon? Theſe are not his heroes, dark on the heath: nor is that the voice of Calmar: it is but the diſtant grove, Alclétha! but the roar of the mountain wind!

Who (2) bounds over Lara's ſtream, ſiſter

and probably near the place where Cuchullin lay, which circumſtance ſuggeſted to him, the lamentation of Alclétha over her ſon.

(1) Ald-cla'tha, *decaying beauty*: probably a poetical name given the mother of Calmar, by the bard himſelf.

(2) Alclétha ſpeaks. Calmar had promiſed to return, by a certain day, and his mother and his ſiſter Alona are repreſented by the bard as looking, with impatience, towards that quarter where they expected Calmar would make his firſt appearance.

of the noble Calmar? Does not Alclétha behold his ſpear? But her eyes are dim! Is it not the ſon of Matha, daughter of my love?

It is but an aged oak, Alclétha! replied the lovely weeping Alona (1); it is but an oak, Alclétha, bent over Lara's ſtream. But who comes along the plain? ſorrow is in his ſpeed. He lifts high the ſpear of Calmar. Alclétha, it is covered with blood!

But it is covered with the blood of foes (2), ſiſter of car-borne Calmar! his ſpear never returned unſtained with blood (3), nor his bow from the ſtrife of the mighty. The battle is conſumed in his preſence: he is a flame of death, Alona!—Youth (4) of the mournful ſpeed! where is the ſon of Alclétha? Does he return with his fame? in the midſt of his echoing ſhields?—Thou art dark and ſilent! —Calmar is then no more. Tell me not,

(1) Alúine, *exquiſitely beautiful.*

(2) Alclétha ſpeaks.

(3) From the blood of the ſlain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan returned not back, and the ſword of Saul returned not empty. 2 Sam. i. 22.

(4) She addreſſes herſelf to Larnir, Calmar's friend, who had returned with the news of his death.

warrior, how he fell, for I cannot hear of his wound.—

Why doſt thou look towards the deſart, mother of car-borne Calmar?—

Such was the ſong of Carril, when Cuchullin lay on his ſhield: the bards reſted on their harps, and ſleep fell ſoftly around.—The ſon of Semo was awake alone; his ſoul was fixed on the war.—The burning oaks began to decay; faint red light is ſpread around.—A feeble voice is heard: the ghoſt of Calmar came. He ſtalked in the beam. Dark is the wound in his ſide. His hair is diſordered and looſe. Joy ſits darkly on his face: and he ſeems to invite Cuchullin to his cave.

Son of the cloudy night! ſaid the riſing chief of Erin; Why doſt thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghoſt of the car-borne Calmar? Wouldſt thou frighten me, O Matha's ſon! from the battles of Cormac? Thy hand was not feeble in war; neither was thy voice (1) for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara! if thou now doſt adviſe to fly!—But, Calmar, I never fled. I never feared (2) the ghoſts of the deſart. Small is their knowledge,

(1) See Calmar's ſpeech, in the firſt book of Fingal.

(2) See Cuchullin's *reply* to Connal, concerning *Crugal's ghoſt. Fing. b. 2.*

and weak their hands; their dwelling is in the wind.—But my ſoul grows in danger, and rejoices in the noiſe of ſteel. Retire thou to thy cave; thou art not Calmar's ghoſt; he delighted in battle, and his arm was like the thunder of heaven.

He retired in his blaſt with joy, for he had heard the voice of his praiſe. The faint beam of the morning roſe, and the ſound of Caithbat's buckler ſpread. Green Ullin's warriors convened, like the roar of many ſtreams.—The horn of war is heard over Lego; the mighty Torlath came.

Why doſt thou come with thy thouſands, Cuchullin, ſaid the chief of Lego. I know the ſtrength of thy arm, and thy ſoul is an unextinguiſhed fire.—Why fight we not on the plain, and let our hoſts behold our deeds? Let them behold us like roaring waves, that tumble round a rock: the mariners haſten away, and look on their ſtrife with fear.

Thou riſeſt, like the ſun, on my ſoul, replied the ſon of Semo. Thine arm is mighty, O Torlath! and worthy of my wrath. Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's ſhady ſide; behold the chief of Erin, in the day of his fame.—Carril! tell to mighty Connal, if Cuchullin muſt fall, tell him I accuſed the winds which roar on Togorma's waves.—

Never was he abſent in battle, when the ſtrife of my fame aroſe.—Let this ſword be before Cormac, like the beam of heaven: let his counſel ſound in Temora in the day of danger.

He rushed, in the ſound of his arms, like the terrible ſpirit of Loda (1), when he comes in the roar of a thouſand ſtorms, and ſcatters battles from his eyes.—He ſits on a cloud over Lochlin's ſeas: his mighty hand is on his ſword, and the winds lift his flaming locks.—So terrible was Cuchullin in the day of his fame.—Torlath fell by his hand, and Lego's heroes mourned.—They gather around the chief like the clouds of the

(1) Loda, in the third book of Fingal, is mentioned as a place of worship in Scandinavia: by the *ſpirit of Loda*, the poet probably means Odin, the great deity of the northern nations. He is deſcribed here with all his terrors about him, not unlike Mars, as he his introduced in a ſimile, in the ſeventh Iliad.

——οἷός τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἄρης
Ὅς τ' εἶσιν πόλεμόνδε μετ' ἀνέρας, οὕς τε Κρονίων
Θυμοβόρῳ ἔριδι & μένεϊ ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι.

So ſtalks in arms the griſly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithleſs men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waſte of wars.

POPE.

deſart.—A thouſand ſwords roſe at once; a thouſand arrows flew; but he ſtood like a rock in the midſt of a roaring ſea.—They fell around; he ſtrode in blood: dark Slimora echoed wide.—The ſons of Ullin came, and the battle ſpread over Lego.—The chief of Erin overcame; he returned over the field with his fame.—

But pale he returned! The joy of his face was dark. He rolled his eyes in ſilence.—The ſword hung, unſheathed, in his hand, and his ſpear bent at every ſtep.

Carril, ſaid the king in ſecret, the ſtrength of Cuchullin fails. My days are with the years that are paſt: and no morning of mine ſhall ariſe.—They ſhall ſeek me at Temora, but I ſhall not be found. Cormac will weep in his hall, and ſay, « Where is Tura's chief? »—But my name is renowned! my fame in the ſong of bards.—The youth will ſay in ſecret, O let me die as Cuchullin died; renown cloathed him like a robe; and the light of his fame is great. Draw the arrow from my ſide; and lay Cuchullin beneath that oak. Place the ſhield of Caithbat near, that they may behold me amidſt the arms of my fathers.—

And is the ſon of Semo fallen (1), ſaid

(1) The Iriſh hiſtorians have placed Cuchullin

Carril with a ſigh?—Mournful are Tura's walls; and ſorrow dwells at Dunſcaich.—Thy ſpouſe is left alone in her youth, the ſon (1) of thy love is alone.—He ſhall come to Bragela, and ask her why she weeps.—He shall lift his eyes to the wall, and ſee his father's ſword.—Whoſe ſword it that? he will ſay: and the ſoul of his mother is ſad. Who is that, like the hart of the deſart, in the murmur of his courſe?—His eyes look wildly round in ſearch of his friend.—Connal, ſon of Colgar, where haſt thou been, when the mighty fell? Did the ſeas of Togorma roll round thee? Was the wind of the ſouth in thy ſails? The mighty have fallen in battle, and thou waſt not there.—Let none tell it in Selma, nor in Morven's woody land; Fingal will be ſad, and the ſons of the deſart mourn.

in the firſt century.——The tranſlator has given his reaſons for fixing him in the third, in the diſſertation which is prefixed to this collection. In other particulars the accounts of Keating and O'Flaherty coincide pretty nearly with Oſſian's poems, and the traditions of the Highlands and Iſles. They ſay that he was killed in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age, and they give him a great character for his wiſdom and valour.

(1) Conloch, who was afterwards very famous for his great exploits in Ireland. He was ſo remarkable for his dexterity in handling the javelin, that when a good markſman is deſcribed, it has

By the dark rolling waves of Lego they raiſed the hero's tomb.—Luath (1), at a diſtance, lies, the companion of Cuchullin, at the chace.—Bleſt (2) be thy ſoul, ſon of Semo; thou wert mighty in battle.—Thy ſtrength was like the ſtrength of a ſtream: thy ſpeed like the eagle's (3) wing.—Thy path in the battle was terrible: the ſteps of death were behind thy ſword.—Bleſt be thy ſoul, ſon of Semo; car-borne chief of Dunſcaich!

Thou haſt not fallen by the ſword of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the ſpear of the valiant.—The arrow came, like the

paſſed into a proverb, in the north of Scotland, *He is unerring as the arm of Conloch.*

(1) It was of old, the cuſtom to bury the favourite dog near the maſter. This was not peculiar to the ancient Scots, for we find it practiſed by many other nations in their ages of heroiſm.—— There is a ſtone ſhewn ſtill at Dunſcaich in the iſle of Sky, to which Cuchullin commonly bound his dog Luath.——The ſtone goes by his name to this day.

(2) This is the ſong of the bards over Cuchullin's tomb. Every ſtanza cloſes with ſome remarkable title of the hero, which was always the cuſtom in funeral elegies. —— The verſe of the ſong is a lyric meaſure, and it was of old ſung to the harp.

(3) They were ſwifter than eagles, they were ſtronger than lions. 2 Sam. i. 23.

ſting of death in a blaſt: nor did the feeble hand, which drew the bow, perceive it. Peace to thy ſoul, in thy cave, chief of the iſle of Miſt!

The mighty are diſperſed at Temora: there is none in Cormac's hall. The king mourns in his youth, for he does not behold thy coming. The ſound of thy ſhield is ceaſed: his foes are gathering round. Soft be thy reſt in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars!

Bragela will not hope thy return, or ſee thy ſails in ocean's foam.—Her ſteps are not on the ſhore: nor her ear open to the voice of thy rowers.—She ſits in the hall of ſhells, and ſees the arms of him that is no more.—Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter of car-borne Sorglan!—Bleſt be thy ſoul in death, O chief of ſhady Cromla!

DAR-THULA:

A POEM.

DAR-THULA:

A POEM.

DAUGHTER of heaven (1), fair art thou! the ſilence of thy face is pleaſant. Thou comeſt

(1) It may not be improper here, to give the ſtory which is the foundation of this poem, as it is handed down by tradition. —— Uſnoth, lord of Etha, which is probably that part of Argyleſhire which is near Loch Eta, an arm of the ſea in Lorn, had three ſons, Nathos, Althos, and Ardan by Sliſſáma, the daughter of Semo and ſiſter to the celebrated Cuchullin. The three brothers, when very young, were ſent over to Ireland, by their father, to learn the uſe of arms, under their uncle Cuchullin, who made a great figure in that kingdom. They were juſt landed in Ulſter when the news of Cuchullin's death arrived. Nathos, though very young, took the command of Cuchullin's army, made head againſt Cairbar the uſurper, and defeated him in ſeveral battles. Cairbar at laſt having found means to murder Cormac the lawful king, the army of Nathos ſhifted ſides, and he himſelf was obliged to return into Ulſter, in order to paſs over into Scotland.

Dar-thula, the daughter of Colla, with whom Cairbar was in love, reſided, at that time, in Seláma a caſtle in Ulſter: ſhe ſaw, fell in love, and fled with Nathos; but a ſtorm riſing at ſea, they were unfortunately driven back on that part of the coaſt of Ulſter, where Cairbar was encamped with his army, waiting for Fingal who meditated an expedition into Ireland, to re-eſtabliſh the Scotch race

forth in loveliness: the ſtars attend thy blue ſteps in the eaſt. The clouds rejoice in thy preſence, O moon, and brighten their dark-brown ſides. *Who is like* thee in heaven, daughter of *the night*? The ſtars are aſhamed in thy preſence, and turn aſide their green, ſparkling eyes.—Whither doſt thou retire from thy courſe, when the darkneſs (1) of thy countenance grows? Haſt thou thy hall like *Offian*? Dwelleſt thou in the ſhadow of *grief*? Have thy ſiſters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee, at night, no more? — Yes! — they have fallen, fair light! and thou doſt often retire to mourn.

of kings on the throne of that kingdom. The three brothers, after having defended themſelves, for ſome time, with great bravery, were overpowered and ſlain, and the unfortunate Dar-thula killed herſelf upon the body of her beloved Nathos.

Offian opens the poem, on the night preceding the death of the ſons of Uſnoth, and brings in, by way of epiſode, what paſſed before. He relates the death of Dar-thula differently from the common tradition; his account is the moſt probable, as ſuicide ſeems to have been unknown in thoſe early times: for no traces of it are found in the old poetry.

(1) The addreſs to the moon is very beautiful in the original. It is in a lyric meaſure, and appears to have been ſung to the harp.

(2) The poet means the moon in her wane.

—But thou thyſelf ſhalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The ſtars will then lift their green heads: they who were aſhamed in thy preſence, will rejoice.

Thou art now clothed with thy brightneſs? look from thy gates in the ſky. Burſt the cloud, O wind, that the daughter of night may look forth, that the ſhaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its blue waves in light.

Nathos (1) is on the deep; and Althos that beam of youth, Ardan is near his brothers; they move in the gloom of their courſe. The ſons of Uſnoth move in darkneſs, from the wrath of car-borne Cairbar (2).

Who is that dim, by their ſide! the night has covered her beauty. Her hair ſighs on ocean's wind; her robe ſtreams in duſky wreaths. She is like the fair ſpirit of heaven, in the midſt of his ſhadowy miſt. Who is it but Dar-thula (3), the firſt of Erin's

(1) Nathos ſignifies *youthful*, Ailthos, *exquiſite beauty*, Ardan; *pride*.

(2) Cairbar, who murdered Cormac king of Ireland, and uſurped the throne. He was afterwards killed by Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian in a ſingle combat. The poet, upon other occaſions, gives him the epithet of red-haired.

(3) Dar-thúla, or Dart-'huile, *a woman with fine*

maids! She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with the car-borne Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, O Dar-thula; and deny the woody Etha to thy sails. These are not thy mountains, Nathos, nor is that the roar of thy climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near; and the towers of the foe lift their heads. Ullin stretches its green head into the sea; and Tura's bay receives the ship. Where have ye been, ye southern winds! when the sons of my love were deceived? But ye have been sporting on plains, and pursuing the thistle's beard. O that ye had been rustling in the sails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha rose! till they rose in their clouds, and saw their coming chief! Long hast thou been absent, Nathos! and the day of thy return is past (1).

But the land of strangers saw thee, lovely: thou wast lovely in the eyes of Dar-thula. Thy face was like the light of the morning, thy hair like the raven's wing. Thy

eyes. She was the most famous beauty of antiquity. To this day, when a woman is praised for her beauty, the common phrase is, that *she is as lovely as Dar-thula.*

(1) That is, the day appointed by destiny. We find no deity in Ossian's poetry, if fate is not one; of that he is very full in some of his poems in the translator's hands.

ſoul was generous and mild, like the hour of the ſetting ſun. Thy words were the gale of the reeds, or the gliding ſtream of Lora.

But when the rage of battle roſe, thou waſt like a ſea in a ſtorm; the clang of arms was terrible: the hoſt vaniſhed at the ſound of thy courſe. — It was then Darthula beheld thee, from the top of her moſſy tower: from the tower of Selama (1), where her fathers dwelt.

Lovely art thou, O ſtranger! ſhe ſaid; for her trembling ſoul aroſe. Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac! (2) Why doſt thou ruſh on, in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look? Few are thy hands, in battle, againſt the car-borne Cairbar! — O that I might be freed of his love! (3) that I might rejoice in the pre-

(1) The poet does not mean that Selama which is mentioned as the ſeat of Toſcar in Ulſter, in the poem of Conlath and Cuthona. The word in the original ſignifies either *beautiful to behold*, or a place *with a pleaſant or wide proſpect*. In thoſe times, they built their houſes upon eminences, to command a view of the country, and to prevent their being ſurprized: many of them, on that account, were called Selama. The famous Selma of Fingal is derived from the ſame root.

(2) Cormac the young king of Ireland, who was murdered by Cairbar.

(3) That is, of the love of Cairbar.

ſence of Nathos! — Bleſt are the rocks of Etha; they will behold his ſteps at the chace! they will ſee his white boſom, when the winds lift his raven hair!

Such were thy words, Dar-thula, in Selama's moſſy towers. But, now, the night is round thee: and the winds have deceived thy ſails. The winds have deceived thy ſails, Dar-thula: their bluſtering ſound is high. Ceaſe a little while, O north wind, and let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely, Dar-thula, between the ruſtling blaſts.

Are theſe the rocks of Nathos; and the roar of his mountain-ſtreams? Comes that beam of light from Uſnoth's nightly hall? The miſt rolls around, and the beam is feeble: but the light of Dar-thula's ſoul is the car-borne chief of Etha! Son of the generous Uſnoth, why that broken ſigh? Are we not in the land of ſtrangers, chief of echoing Etha?

Theſe are not the rocks of Nathos, he replied, nor the roar of his ſtreams. No light comes from Etha's halls, for they are diſtant far. We are in the land of ſtrangers, in the land of car-borne Cairbar. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula. Ullin lifts here her green hills. — Go towards the north, Althos;

be thy ſteps, Ardan, along the coaſt; that the foe may not come in darkneſs, and our hopes of Etha fail.—

I will go towards that moſſy tower, and ſee who dwells about the beam.—Reſt, Dar-thula, on the ſhore! reſt in peace, thou beam of light! the ſword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven.

He went. She ſat alone, and heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye; and ſhe looks for the car-borne Nathos. —Her ſoul trembles at the blaſt. And ſhe turns her ear towards the tread of his feet. —The tread of his feet is not heard. Where art thou, ſon of my love! The roar of the blaſt is around me. Dark is the cloudy night. —But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha?—Have the foes met the hero in the ſtrife of the night?—

He returned, but his face was dark: he had ſeen his departed friend.—It was the wall of Tura, and the ghoſt of Cuchullin ſtalked there. The ſighing of his breaſt was frequent; and the decayed flame of his eyes terrible. His ſpear was a column of miſt: the ſtars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave: and he told the tale of grief. The ſoul of Nathos was

ſad, like the ſun (1) in the day of miſt, when his face is watry and dim.

Why art thou ſad, O Nathos, ſaid the lovely daughter of Colla? Thou art a pillar of light to Dar-thula: the joy of her eyes is in Etha's chief. Where is my friend (2), but Nathos? My father reſts in the tomb. Silence dwells on Selama: ſadneſs ſpreads on the blue ſtreams of my land. My friends have fallen, with Cormac. The mighty were ſlain in the battle of Ullin.

Evening darkened on the plain. The blue ſtreams failed before mine eyes. The unfrequent blaſt came ruſtling in the tops of Selama's groves. My ſeat was beneath a tree on the walls of my fathers. Truthil paſt before my ſoul; the brother of my love; he that

(1) *Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe.*
VIRG.

——Thro' miſts he shoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams.
DRYDEN.

——(2) οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἄλλη
Ἔσται θαλπωρὴ.——
——οὐδέ μοι ἐστὶ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
HOM. vi. 411.

was abſent (1) in battle againſt the car-borne Cairbar.

Bending on his ſpear, the gray-haired Colla came: his downcaſt face is dark, and ſorrow dwells in his ſoul. His ſword is on the ſide of the hero: the helmet of his fathers on his head.—The battle grows in his breaſt. He ſtrives to hide the tear.

Dar-thula, he ſighing ſaid, thou art the laſt of Colla's race. Truthil is fallen in battle. The king (2) of Selàma is no more.—Cairbar comes, with his thouſands, towards Selama's walls.—Colla will meet his pride, and revenge his ſon. But where ſhall I find thy ſafety, Dar-thula, with the dark-brown hair! thou art lovely as the ſun-beam of heaven, and thy friends are low!

And is the ſon of battle fallen? I ſaid with a burſting ſigh. Ceaſed the generous ſoul of Truthil to lighten through the field?—My ſafety, Colla, is in that bow; I have learned to pierce the deer. Is not Cairbar like the hart of the deſart, father of fallen Truthil?

(1) The family of Colla preſerved their loyalty to Cormac long after the death of Cuchullin.

(2) It is very common, in Oſſian's poetry, to give the title of King to every chief that was remarkable for his valour.

The face of age brightened with joy: and the crouded tears of his eyes poured down. The lips of Colla trembled. His gray beard whiſtled in the blaſt. Thou art the ſiſter of Truthil, he ſaid, and thou burneſt in the fire of his ſoul. Take, Dar-thula, take that ſpear, that brazen ſhield, that burniſhed helmet: they are the ſpoils of a warrior: a ſon (1) of early youth.—When the light riſes on Selama, we go to meet the car-borne Cairbar.—But keep thou near the arm of Colla; beneath the ſhadow of my ſhield. Thy father, Dar-thula, could once defend thee; but age is trembling on his hand.—The ſtrength of his arm has failed, and his ſoul is darkened with grief.

We paſſed the night in ſorrow. The light of morning roſe. I ſhone in the arm of battle. The gray-haired hero moved before. The ſons of Selama convened around the ſounding ſhield of Colla. But few were they in the plain, and their locks were gray. The youths had fallen with Truthil, in the battle of car-borne Cormac.

Companions of my youth! ſaid Colla,

(1) The poet, to make the ſtory of Dar-thula's arming herſelf for battle, more probable, makes her armour to be that of a very young man; otherwiſe it would ſhock all belief, that she, who *was very* young, ſhould be able to carry it.

It was not thus you have ſeen me in arms. It was not thus I ſtrode to battle, when the great Confadan fell. But ye are laden with grief. The darkneſs of age comes like the miſt of the deſart. My ſhield is worn with years; my ſword is fixed (1) in its place. I ſaid to my ſoul, thy evening ſhall be calm, and thy departure like a fading light. But the ſtorm has returned; I bend like an aged oak. My boughs are fallen on Selama, and I tremble in my place.—Where art thou, with thy fallen heroes, O my car-borne Truthil! Thou anſwereſt not from thy rushing blaſt; and the ſoul of thy father is ſad. But I will be ſad no more; Cairbar or Colla muſt fall. I feel the returning ſtrength of my arm. My heart leaps at the ſound of battle.

The hero drew his ſword. The gleaming blades of his people roſe. They moved along the plain. Their gray hair ſtreamed in the wind.—Cairbar ſat, at the feaſt, in the ſilent hall of Lona (2). He ſaw the coming of

(1) It was the cuſtom of thoſe times, that every warrior, at a certain age, or when he became unfit for the field, fixed his arms, in the great hall, where the tribe feaſted, upon joyful occaſions. He never afterwards never to appear in battle; and this period of life was called the *time of fixing of the*

(2) Lona, *a marshy plain.* It was the cuſtom, in

the heroes, and he called his chiefs to battle.

Why (1) should I tell to Nathos, how the ſtrife of battle grew! I have ſeen thee, in the midſt of thouſands, like the beam of heaven's fire; it is beautiful, but terrible; the people fall in its red courſe.—The ſpear of Colla flew, for he remembered the battles of his youth. An arrow came with its ſound, and pierced the hero's ſide. He fell on his echoing ſhield. My ſoul ſtarted with fear; I ſtretched my buckler over him; but my heaving breaſt was ſeen. Cairbar came, with his ſpear, and he beheld Selama's maid: joy roſe on his dark-brown face; he ſtayed the lifted ſteel. He raiſed the tomb of Colla; and brought me weeping to Selama. He ſpoke the words of love, but my ſoul was ſad. I ſaw the ſhields of my fathers, and

the days of Oſſian, to feaſt after victory. Cairbar had juſt provided an entertainment for his army, upon the defeat of Truthil the ſon of Colla, and the reſt of the party of Cormac, when Colla and his aged warriors arrived to give him battle.

(1) The poet avoids the deſcription of the battle of Lona, as it would be improper in the mouth of a woman, and could have nothing new, after the numerous deſcriptions, of that kind, in his other poems. He, at the ſame time, gives an opportunity to Dar-thula to paſs a fine compliment on her lover.

the ſword of car-borne Truthil. I ſaw the arms of the dead, and the tear was on my cheek.

Then thou didſt come, O Nathos: and gloomy Cairbar fled. He fled like the ghoſt of the deſart before the morning's beam. His hoſts were not near: and feeble was his arm againſt thy ſteel.

Why (1) art thou ſad, O Nathos? ſaid the lovely maid of Colla.

I have met, replied the hero, the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the ſpear, when firſt the danger roſe; but my ſoul brightened before the war, as the green narrow vale, when the ſun pours his ſtreamy beams, before he hides his head in a ſtorm. My ſoul brightened in danger before I ſaw Selàma's fair; before I ſaw thee, like a ſtar, that ſhines on the hill, at night; the cloud ſlowly comes, and threatens the lovely light.

We are in the land of the foe, and the winds have deceived us, Dar-thula! the ſtrength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where ſhall I find thy

(1) It is uſual with Oſſian, to repeat, at the end of the epiſodes, the ſentence wich introduced them. It brings back the mind of the reader to the main body of the poem.

peace, daughter of mighty Colla! The brothers of Nathos are brave: and his own ſword has ſhone in war. But what are the ſons of Uſnoth to the hoſt of car-borne Cairbar! O that the winds had brought thy ſails, Oſcar (1) king of men! thou didſt promiſe to come to the battles of fallen Cormac. Then would my hand be ſtrong as the flaming arm of death. Cairbar would tremble in his halls, and peace dwell round the lovely Dar-thula. But why doſt thou fall, my ſoul! the ſons of Uſnoth may prevail.

And they will prevail, O Nathos! ſaid the riſing ſoul of the maid: never ſhall Dar-thula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me thoſe arms of braſs, that glitter to that paſſing meteor; I ſee them in the dark-boſomed ſhip. Dar-thula will enter the battle of ſteel.—Ghoſt of the noble Colla! do I behold thee on that cloud? Who is that dim beſide thee? It is the car-borne Truthil. Shall I behold the halls of him that ſlew Seláma's chief? No: I will not behold them, ſpirits of my love!

Joy roſe in the face of Nathos, when he

(1) Oſcar, the ſon of Oſſian, had long reſolved on the expedition, into Ireland, againſt Cairbar, who had aſſaſſinated his friend Cathol, the ſon of Moran, an Irishman of noble extraction, and in the intereſt of the family of Cormac.

heard the white-boſomed maid. Daughter of Seláma! thou ſhineſt on my ſoul. Come, with thy thouſands, Cairbar! the ſtrength of Nathos is returned. And thou, O aged Uſnoth, ſhalt not hear that thy ſon has fled. I remember thy words on Etha; when my ſails begun to riſe: when I ſpread them towards Ullin, towards the moſſy walls of Tura. Thou goeſt, he ſaid, O Nathos, to the king of ſhields; to Cuchullin chief of men who never fled from danger. Let not thine arm be feeble: neither be thy thoughts of flight; leſt the ſon of Semo ſay that Etha's race are weak. His words may come to Uſnoth, and ſadden his ſoul in the hall. —The tear was on his cheek. He gave this ſhining ſword...

I came to Tura's bay: but the halls of Tura were ſilent. I looked around, and there was none to tell of the chief of Dunſcaich. I went to the hall of his ſhells, where the arms of his fathers hung. But the arms were gone, and aged Lamhor (1) ſat in tears?

Whence are the arms of ſteel, ſaid the riſing Lamhor? The light of the ſpear has long been abſent from Tura's duſky walls. —Come ye from the rolling ſea? Or from the mournful halls of Temora (2)?

(1) Lamh-mhor, *mighty hand.*

(2) Temora was the royal palace of the ſupreme

We come from the ſea, I ſaid, from Uſnoth's riſing towers. We are the ſons of Slis-sáma (1), the daughter of car-borne Semo. Where is Tura's chief, ſon of the ſilent hall? But why ſhould Nathos ask? for I behold thy tears. How did the mighty fall, ſon of the lonely Tura?

He fell not, Lamhor replied, like the ſilent ſtar of night, when it ſhoots through darkneſs, and is no more. But he was like a meteor that falls in a diſtant land; death attends its red courſe, and itſelf is the ſign of wars.—Mournful are the banks of Lego, and the roar of ſtreamy Lara. There the hero fell, ſon of the noble Uſnoth.

And the hero fell in the midſt of ſlaughter, I ſaid with a burſting ſigh. His hand was ſtrong in battle; and death was behind his ſword.—We came to Lego's mournful banks. We found his riſing tomb. His companions in battle are there; his bards of many ſongs. Three days we mourned over the hero: on the fourth, I ſtruck the ſhield of Caithbat.

kings of Ireland. It is here called mournful, on account of the death of Cormac, who was murdered there by Cairbar who uſurped his throne.

(1) Slis-ſeamha, *ſoft boſom*. She was the wife of Uſnoth and daughter of Semo the chief of the *iſle of miſt*.

The heroes gathered around with joy, and shook their beamy ſpears.

Corlath was near with his hoſt, the friend of car-borne Cairbar. We came like a ſtream by night; and his heroes fell. When the people of the valley roſe, they ſaw their blood with morning's light. But we rolled away, like wreaths of miſt, to Cormac's echoing hall. Our ſwords roſe to defend the king. But Temora's halls were empty. Cormac had fallen in his youth. The king of Erin was no more.

Sadneſs ſeized the ſons of Ullin, they ſlowly, gloomily retired: like clouds that, long having threatened rain, retire behind the hills. The ſons of Uſnoth moved, in their grief, towards Tura's ſounding bay. We paſſed by Seláma, and Cairbar retired like Lano's miſt, when it is driven by the winds of the deſart.

It was then I beheld thee, O maid, like the light of Etha's ſun. Lovely is that beam, I ſaid, and the crowded ſigh of my boſom roſe. Thou cameſt in thy beauty, Dar-thula, to Etha's mournful chief. — But the winds have deceived us, daughter of Colla, and the foe is near.

Yes! — the foe is near, ſaid the ruſtling

ſtrength of Althos (1). I heard their clanging arms on the coaſt, and ſaw the dark wreaths of Erin's ſtandard. Diſtinct is the voice of Cairbar (2), and loud as Cromla's falling ſtream. He had ſeen the dark ſhip on the ſea, before the dusky night came down. His people watch on Lena's (3) plain, and lift ten thouſand ſwords.

And let them lift ten thouſand ſwords, ſaid Nathos with a ſmile. The ſons of carborne Uſnoth will never tremble in danger. Why doſt thou roll with all thy foam, thou roaring ſea of Ullin? Why do ye ruſtle, on your dark wings, ye whiſtling tempeſts of the sky? — Do ye think, ye ſtorms, that ye keep Nathos on the coaſt? No: his ſoul

(1) Althos had juſt returned from viewing the coaſt of Lena, whither he had been ſent by Nathos, at the beginning of the night.

(2) Cairbar had gathered an army, to the coaſt of Ulſter, in order to oppoſe Fingal, who prepared for an expedition into Ireland to re-eſtabliſh the houſe of Cormac on the throne, which Cairbar had uſurped. Between the wings of Cairbar's army was the bay of Tura, into which the ſhip of the ſons of Uſnoth was driven: ſo that there was no poſſibility of their eſcaping.

(3) The ſcene of the preſent poem is nearly the ſame with that of the epic poem in this collection. The heath of Lena and Tura are often mentioned.

detains him, children of the night! — Althos! bring my father's arms: thou ſeeſt them beaming to the ſtars. Bring the ſpear of Semo (1), it ſtands in the dark-boſomed ſhip.

He brought the arms. Nathos clothed his limbs in all their ſhining ſteel. The ſtride of the chief is lovely: the joy of his eyes terrible. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is ruſtling in his hair. Dar-thula is ſilent at his ſide: her look is fixed on the chief. She ſtrives to hide the riſing ſigh, and two tears ſwell in her eyes.

Althos! ſaid the chief of Etha, I ſee a cave in that rock. Place Dar-thula there: and let thy arm be ſtrong. Ardan! we meet the foe, and call to battle gloomy Cairbar. O that he came in his ſounding ſteel, to meet the ſon of Uſnoth! — Dar-thula! if thou ſhalt eſcape, look not on the falling Nathos. Lift thy ſails, O Althos, towards the echoing groves of Etha.

(1) Semo was grandfather to Nathos by the mother's ſide. The ſpear mentioned here was given to Uſnoth on his marriage, it being the cuſtom then for the father of the lady to give his arms to his ſon-in-law. The ceremony uſed upon theſe occaſions is mentioned in other poems.

Tell to the chief (1), that his ſon fell with fame; that my ſword did not ſhun the battle. Tell him I fell in the midſt of thouſands, and let the joy of his grief be great. Daughter of Colla! call the maids to Etha's echoing hall. Let their ſongs ariſe from Nathos, when ſhadowy autumn returns. — O that the voice of Cona (2) might be heard in my praiſe! then would my ſpirit rejoice in the midſt of my mountain winds.

And my voice ſhall praiſe thee, Nathos, chief of the woody Etha! The voice of Oſſian ſhall riſe in thy praiſe, ſon of the generous Uſnoth! Why was I not on Lena when the battle roſe? Then would the ſword of Oſſian have defended thee, or himſelf have fallen low.

We ſat, that night, in Selma round the ſtrength of the ſhell. The wind was abroad, in the oaks; the ſpirit of the mountain (3) ſhrieked. The blaſt came ruſtling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The

(1) Uſnoth.

(2) Oſſian, the ſon of Fingal, is, often, poetically called the voice of Cona.

(3) By the ſpirit of the mountain is meant that deep and melancholy ſound which precedes a ſtorm; well known to thoſe who live in a high country.

ſound was mournful and low, like the ſong of the tomb. Fingal heard it firſt, and the crowded ſighs of his boſom roſe. — Some of my heroes are low; ſaid the gray-haired king of Morven. I hear the ſound of death on the harp of my ſon. Oſſian, touch the ſounding ſtring; bid the ſorrow riſe; that their ſpirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills.

I touched the harp before the king, the ſound was mournful and low. Bend forward from your clouds, I ſaid, ghoſts of my fathers! bend; lay by the red terror of your courſe, and receive the falling chief; whether he comes from a diſtant land, or riſes from the rolling ſea. Let his robe of miſt be near; his ſpear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguiſhed meteor by his ſide, in the form of the hero's ſword. And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his preſence. Bend from your clouds, I ſaid, ghoſts of my fathers! bend.

Such was my ſong, in Selma; to the lightly-trembling harp. But Nathos was on Ullin's ſhore, ſurrounded by the night; he heard the voice of the foe amidſt the roar of tumbling waves. Silent he heard their voice, and reſted on his ſpear.

Morning roſe, with its beams; the ſong

of Erin appear; like gray rocks, with all their trees, they ſpread along the coaſt. Cairbar ſtood, in the midſt, and grimly ſmiled when he ſaw the foe.

Nathos rushed forward, in his ſtrength; nor could Dar-thula ſtay behind. She came with the hero, lifting her shining ſpear. And who are theſe, in their armour, in the pride of youth? Who but the ſons of Uſnoth, Althos and dark-haired Ardan?

Come, ſaid Nathos, come! chief of the high Temora! Let our battle be on the coaſt for the white-boſomed maid. His people are not with Nathos; they are behind that rolling ſea. Why doſt thou bring thy thouſands againſt the chief of Etha? Thou didſt fly (1) from him, in battle, when his friends were around him.

Youth of the heart of pride, ſhall Erin's king fight with thee? Thy fathers were not among the renowned, nor of the kings of men. Are the arms of foes in their halls? Or the shields of other times? Cairbar is renowned in Temora, nor does he fight with little men.

The tear ſtarts from car-borne Nathos;

(1) He alludes to the flight of Cairbar from Seláma.

he turned his eyes to his brothers. Their ſpears flew, at once, and three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their ſwords gleamed on high; the ranks of Erin yield; as a ridge of dark clouds before a blaſt of wind.

Then Cairbar ordered his people, and they drew a thouſand bows. A thouſand arrows flew; the ſons of Uſnoth fell. They fell like three young oaks which ſtood alone on the hill; the traveller ſaw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew ſo lonely; the blaſt of the deſart came, by night, and laid their green heads low; next day he returned, but they were withered, and the heath was bare.

Dar-thula ſtood in ſilent grief, and beheld their fall: no tear is in her eye: but her look is wildly ſad. Pale was her cheek; her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word. Her dark hair flew on the wind.—But gloomy Cairbar came. Where is thy lover now, the car-borne chief of Etha? Haſt thou beheld the halls of Uſnoth? Or the dark-brown hills of Fingal? My battle had roared on Morven, did not the winds meet Dar-thula. Fingal himſelf would have been low, and ſorrow dwelling in Selma.

Her ſhield fell from Dar-thula's arm, her

breaſt of ſnow appeared. It appeared, but it was ſtained with blood, for an arrow was fixed in her ſide. She fell on the fallen Nathos, like a wreath of ſnow. Her dark hair ſpreads on his face, and their blood is mixing round.

Daughter of Colla! thou art low! ſaid Cairbar's hundred bards; ſilence is at the blue ſtreams of Seláma, for Truthil's (1) race have failed. When wilt thou riſe in thy beauty, firſt of Erin's maids? Thy ſleep is long in the tomb, and the morning diſtant far. The ſun ſhall not come to thy bed, and ſay, Awake (2), Dar-thula! awake, thou firſt of women! the wind of ſpring is abroad. The flowers ſhake their heads on the green hills, the woods wave their growing leaves. Retire, O ſun, the daughter of Colla is aſleep. She will not come forth in her beauty: she will not move, in the ſteps of her lovelineſs.

(1) Truthil was the founder of Dar-thula's family.

(2) Riſe up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over, and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of ſinging is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, *with* the tender grape, give a *good* ſmell. Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away.

SOLOMON'S Song.

Such was the ſong of the bards, when they raiſed the tomb. I ſung, afterwards, over the grave, when the king of Morven came; when he came to green Ullin to fight with car-borne Cairbar.

TEMORA:

AN

EPIC POEM.

TEMORA:

AN

EPIC POEM (1).

THE blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees

(1) Though the hiſtory which is the foundation of the preſent poem, was given in the notes on the two pieces preceding, it may not be here improper to recapitulate ſome part of what has been ſaid. ——Immediately after the death of Cuchullin, Cairbar, lord of Atha, openly ſet up for himſelf in Connaught, and having privately murdered young king Cormac, became, without oppoſition, ſole monarch of Ireland. The murder of Cormac was ſo much reſented by Fingal, that he reſolved on an expedition into Ireland againſt Cairbar. Early intelligence of his deſigns came to Cairbar, and he had gathered the tribes together into Ulſter, to oppoſe Fingal's landing; at the ſame time his brother Cathmor kept himſelf with an army near Temora.——This Cathmor is one of the fineſt characters in the old poetry. His humanity, generoſity, and hoſpitality, were unparalleled: in ſhort, he had no fault, but too much attachment to ſo bad a brother as Cairbar. —— The preſent poem has its name from Temora, the royal palace of the Iriſh kings, near which the laſt and deciſive battle was fought between Fingal and Cathmor. What has come to the tranſlator's hands, in a regular connection, is little more than the open-

shake their dusky heads in the breeze: and gray torrents pour their noisy streams.—Two

ing of the poem.—This work appears, from the story of it, which is still preserv'd, to have been one of the greatest of Ossian's compositions. The variety of the characters makes it interesting; and the war, as it is carried on by Fingal and Cathmor, affords instances of the greatest bravery, mixed with incomparably generous actions and sentiments. One is at a loss for which side to declare himself: and often wishes, when both commanders march to battle, that both may return victorious. At length the good fortune of Fingal preponderates, and the family of Cormac are re-established on the Irish throne.

The Irish traditions relate the affair in another light, and exclaim against Fingal for appointing thirty judges, or rather tyrants, at Temora, for regulating the affairs of Ireland. They pretend to enumerate many acts of oppression committed by those judges; and affirm, that both they and a part of Fingal's army, which was left in Ireland to enforce their laws, were at last expelled from the kingdom.—Thus the Irish traditions, say the historians of that nation. It is said, however, that those gentlemen sometimes create facts, in order afterwards to make remarks upon them; at least, that they adopt for real facts, the traditions of their bards, when they throw lustre on the ancient state of their country.

The present poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is represented as retired from the rest of the Irish chiefs, and tormented with remorse for the murder of Cormac, when news was brought him of Fingal's landing. What passed, preceding that

green hills, with their aged oaks, ſurround a narrow plain. The blue courſe of the mountain-ſtream is there; Cairbar ſtands on its banks.—His ſpear ſupports the king: the red eyes of his fear are ſad. Cormac riſes in his ſoul, with all his ghaſtly wounds. The gray form of the youth appears in the midſt of darkneſs, and the blood pours from his airy ſides.—Cairbar thrice threw his ſpear on earth; and thrice he ſtroked his beard. His ſteps are short; he often ſtopt: and toſſed his ſinewy arms. He is like a cloud in the deſart, that varies its form to every blaſt: the valleys are ſad around, and fear, by turns, the ſhower.

The king, at length, reſumed his ſoul, and took his pointed ſpear. He turned his eyes towards Lena (1). The ſcouts of the ocean appeared. They appeared with ſteps of fear, and often looked behind. Cairbar knew that the mighty were near, and called his gloomy chiefs. The ſounding ſteps of his heroes came. They drew, at once, their

day, and is neceſſary to be known for carrying on the poem, is afterwards introduced by way of epiſode.

(1) The ſcene deſcribed here is nearly that of the epic poem, Fingal. In this neighbourhood alſo the ſons of Uſnoth were killed.

ſwords. There Morlath (1) ſtood with darkened face. Hidalla's bushy hair ſighs in the wind. Red-haired Cormac bends on his ſpear, and rolls his ſide-long-looking eyes. Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath two shaggy brows.—Foldath ſtands like an oozy rock, that covers its dark ſides with foam; his ſpear is like Slimora's fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the ſtrokes of battle; and his red eye deſpiſes danger. Theſe and a thouſand other chiefs ſurrounded car-borne Cairbar, when the ſcout of ocean came, Morannal (2), from ſtreamy Lena. — His eyes hang forward from his face, his lips are trembling, pale.

Do the chiefs of Erin ſtand, he ſaid; ſilent as the grove of evening? Stand they, like a ſilent wood, and Fingal on the coaſt? Fingal, who is terrible in battle, the king of ſtreamy Morven.

And haſt thou ſeen the warrior, ſaid Cairbar with a ſigh? Are his heroes many on

(1) Mór-lath, *great in the day of battle.* Hidalla', *widly looking hero.* Cor-mar, *expert at ſea.* Málth-os, *ſlow to ſpeak.* Fol-dath, *generous.*

(2) Mór-annail, *ſtrong breath*; a very proper name for a ſcout.

the coaſt? Lifts he the ſpear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?

He comes not in peace, O Cairbar: for I have ſeen his forward ſpear (1). It is a meteor of death: the blood of thouſands is on its ſteel.—He came firſt to the ſhore, ſtrong in the gray hair of age. Full roſe his ſinewy limbs, as he ſtrode in his might. That ſword is by his ſide which gives no ſecond (2) wound. His ſhield is terrible, like the bloody moon, when it riſes in a ſtorm. —Then came Oſſian king of ſongs; and Morni's ſon, the firſt of men. Connal leaps forward on his ſpear: Dermid ſpreads his dark-brown locks.—Fillan bends his bow: Fergus ſtrides in the pride of youth. Who

(1) Mor-annal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's ſpear. —— If a man, upon his firſt landing in a ſtrange country, kept the point of his ſpear forward, it denoted in thoſe days that he came in a hoſtile manner, and accordingly he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendſhip, and he was immediately invited to the feaſt according to the hoſpitality of the times.

(2) This was the famous ſword of Fingal, made by Luno, a ſmith of Lochlin, and after him poetically called the *ſon of Luno*: it is ſaid of this ſword, that it killed a man at every ſtroke; and that Fingal never uſed it, but in times of the greateſt danger.

is that with aged locks? A dark shield is on his ſide. His ſpear trembles at every ſtep; and age is on his limbs. He bends his dark face to the ground; the king of ſpears is ſad! It is Uſnoth, O Cairbar, coming to revenge his ſons. He ſees green Ullin with tears, and he remembers the tombs of his children. But far before the reſt, the ſon of Oſſian comes, bright in the ſmiles of youth, fair as the firſt beams of the ſun. His long hair falls on his back.—His dark brows are half hid beneath his helmet of ſteel. His ſword hangs looſe on the hero's ſide. His ſpear glitters as he moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of high Temora!

Then fly, thou feeble man, ſaid the gloomy wrath of Foldath: fly to the grey ſtreams of thy land, ſon of the little ſoul! Have not I ſeen that Oſcar? I beheld the chief in battle. He is of the mighty in danger: but there are others who lift the ſpear.—Erin has many ſons as brave: yes—more brave, O car-borne Cairbar!—Let Foldath meet him in the ſtrength of his courſe, and ſtop this mighty ſtream.—My ſpear is covered with the blood of the valiant; my ſhield is like Tura's wall.

Shall Foldath alone meet the foe, replied the dark-browed Malthos? Are not they numerous on our coaſt, like the waters of a

thouſand ſtreams? Are not theſe the chiefs who vanquished Swaran, when the ſons of Erin fled? And shall Foldath meet their braveſt hero? Foldath of the heart of pride! take the ſtrength of the people by thy ſide; and let Malthos come. My ſword is red with ſlaughter, but who has heard my words (1)?

Sons of green Erin, begun the mild Hidalla, let not Fingal hear your words: leſt the foe rejoice, and his arm be ſtrong in the land.—Ye are brave, O warriors, and like the tempeſts of the deſart; they meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods in their courſe.—But let us move in our ſtrength, and flow as a gathered cloud, when the winds drive it from behind.—Then ſhall the mighty tremble, and the ſpear drop from the hand of the valiant.—We ſee the cloud of death, they will ſay; and their faces will turn pale. Fingal will mourn in his age; and ſay that his fame is ceaſed.—Morven will behold his chiefs no more: the moſs of years ſhall grow in Selma.

Cairbar heard their words, in ſilence, like the cloud of a ſhower: it ſtands dark on

(1) That is, who has heard my vaunting? He intended the expreſſion as a rebuke to the ſelf-praiſe of Foldath.

Cromla, till the lightning burſts its ſide; the valley gleams with red light; the ſpirits of the ſtorm rejoice.—So ſtood the ſilent king of Temora; at length his words are heard.

Spread the feaſt on Lena: and let my hundred bards attend. And thou, red-hair'd Olla, take the harp of the king. Go to Oſcar king of ſwords, and bid him to our feaſt. To-day we feaſt and hear the ſong; to-morrow break the ſpears. Tell him that I have raiſed the tomb of Cathol (1); and that my bards have ſung to his ghoſt. — Tell him that Cairbar has heard his fame at the ſtream of diſtant Carun (2).

Cathmor (3) is not here; the generous

(1) Cathol the ſon of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar, for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Oſcar to the *war of Inis-thona*, where they contracted a great friendſhip for one another. Oſcar, immediately after the death of Cathol, had ſent a formal challenge to Cairbar, which he prudently declined, but conceived a ſecret hatred againſt Oſcar, and had beforehand contrived to kill him at the feaſt, to which he here invites him.

(2) He alludes to the battle of Oſcar againſt Caros, *king of ſhips*; who is ſuppoſed to be the ſame with Carauſius the uſurper.

(3) Cath-mór, *great in battle*. Cairbar takes ad-

brother

brother of Cairbar; he is not here with his thouſands, and our arms are weak. Cathmor is a foe to ſtrife at the feaſt: his ſoul is bright as the ſun. But Cairbar ſhall fight with Oſcar, chiefs of the high Temora! His words for Cathol were many; and the wrath of Cairbar burns. He ſhall fall on Lena: and my fame ſhall riſe in blood.

The faces of the heroes brightened. They ſpread over Lena's heath. The feaſt of ſhells is prepared. The ſongs of the bards aroſe.

We heard (1) the voice of joy on the coaſt, and we thought that the mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor the friend of ſtrangers!

vantage of his brother's abſence, to perpetrate his ungenerous deſigns againſt Oſcar; for the noble ſpirit of Cathmor, had he been preſent, would not have permitted the laws of that hoſpitality, for which he was ſo renowned himſelf, to be violated. The brothers form a contraſt: we do not deteſt the mean ſoul of Cairbar more than we admire the diſintereſted and generous mind of Cathmor.

(1) Fingal's army heard the joy that was in Cairbar's camp. The character given of Cathmor is agreeable to the times. Some, through oſtentation, were hoſpitable; and others fell naturally into a cuſtom handed down from their anceſtors. But what marks ſtrongly the character of Cathmor, is his averſion to praiſe; for he is repreſented to dwell in a wood to avoid the thanks of his gueſts;

the brother of red-haired Cairbar. But their ſouls were not the ſame: for the light of heaven was in the boſom of Cathmor. His towers roſe on the banks of Atha: ſeven paths led to his halls. Seven chiefs ſtood on thoſe paths, and called the ſtranger to the feaſt. But Cathmor dwelt in the wood to avoid the voice of praiſe.

Olla came with his ſongs. Oſcar went to Cairbar's feaſt. Three hundred heroes attended the chief, and the clang of their

which is ſtill a higher degree of generoſity than that of Axylus in Homer: for the poet does not ſay, but the good man might, at the head of his own table, have heard with pleaſure the praiſe beſtowed on him by the people he entertained.

Α"ξυλον δ' ἄρ' ἔπεφνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
Τευθρανίδην, ὃς ἔναιεν ἐυκτιμένῃ ἔν Ἀρίσβῃ,
Ἀφνειὸς βιότοιο, φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι·
Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν, ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκία ναίων.

HOM. Il. 6. 12.

Next Teuthra's ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
Axylus, hoſpitable, rich and good:
In fair Arisbe's walls, his native place,
He held his ſeat; a friend to human race.
Faſt by the road, his ever open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

POPE.

arms is terrible. The gray dogs bounded on the heath, and their howling is frequent. Fingal ſaw the departure of the hero: the ſoul of the king was ſad. He dreads the gloomy Cairbar: but who of the race of Trenmor feared the foe?

My ſon lifted high the ſpear of Cormac: an hundred bards met him with ſongs. Cairbar concealed with ſmiles the death that was dark in his ſoul. The feaſt is ſpread, the ſhells reſound; joy brightens the face of the hoſt. But it was like the parting beam of the ſun, when he is to hide his red head in a ſtorm.

Cairbar roſe in his arms; darkneſs gathers on his brow. The hundred harps ceaſed at once. The clang (1) of ſhields is heard. Far diſtant on the heath Olla raiſed his ſong of woe. My ſon knew the ſign of death; and riſing ſeized his ſpear.

(1) When a chief was determined to kill a man that was in his power already, it was uſual to ſignify, that his death was intended, by the ſound of a ſhield ſtruck with the blunt end of a ſpear; at the ſame time that a bard at a diſtance raiſed the *death-ſong*. A ceremony of another kind was long uſed in Scotland upon ſuch occaſions. Every body has heard that a bull's head was ſerved up to Lord Douglas in the caſtle of Edinburgh, as a certain ſignal of his approaching death.

29823.54

Oſcar! ſaid the dark-red Cairbar, I behold the ſpear (1) of Erin's kings. The ſpear of Temora (2) glitters in thy hand, ſon of the woody Morven! It was the pride of an hundred kings, the death of heroes of old. Yield it, ſon of Oſſian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar.

Shall I yield, Oſcar replied, the gift of Erin's injured king; the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oſcar ſcattered his foes? I came to his halls of joy, when Swaran fled from Fingal. Gladneſs roſe in the face of youth: he gave the ſpear of Temora. Nor did he give it to the feeble, O Cairbar, neither to the weak in ſoul. The darkneſs of thy face is not a ſtorm to me; nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging ſhield? Does my ſoul tremble at Olla's ſong? No: Cairbar, frighten thou the feeble; Oſcar is like a rock.

And wilt thou not yield the ſpear, replied the riſing pride of Cairbar? Are thy word

(1) Cormac, the ſon of Arth, had given t ſpear, which is here the foundation of the qu rel, to Oſcar, when he came to congratulate hi upon Swaran's being expelled from Ireland.

(2) Ti'-môr-ri', *the houſe of the great k* the name of the royal palace of the ſupreme of Ireland.

mighty becauſe Fingal is near, the gray-haired warrior of Morven. He has fought with little men. But he muſt vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of miſt before the winds of Atha (1).

Were he who fought with little men near the chief of Atha: Atha's chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage. Speak not of the mighty, O Cairbar! but turn thy ſword on me. Our ſtrength is equal: but Fingal is renowned! the firſt of mortal men!

Their people ſaw the darkening chiefs. Their crowding ſteps are heard around. Their eyes roll in fire. A thouſand ſwords are half unsheathed. Red-haired Olla raiſed the ſong of battle: the trembling joy of Oſcar's ſoul aroſe: the wonted joy of his ſoul when Fingal's horn was heard.

Dark as the ſwelling wave of ocean before the riſing winds, when it bends its head near the coaſt, came on the hoſt of Cairbar. —Daughter of Toſcar (2)! why that tear?

(1) Atha, *ſhallow river*: the name of Cairbar's ſeat in Connaught.

(2) The poet means Malvina, the daughter of Toſcar, to whom he addreſſed that part of the poem, which related to the death of Oſcar her lover.

He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell!—Behold they fall before my ſon, like the groves in the deſart, when an angry ghoſt rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand! Morlath falls: Maronnan dies: Conachar trembles in his blood. Cairbar ſhrinks before Oſcar's ſword; and creeps in darkneſs behind his ſtone. He lifted the ſpear in ſecret, and pierced my Oſcar's ſide. He falls forward on his ſhield: his knee ſuſtains the chief: but his ſpear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar (1) falls. The ſteel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay, like a ſhattered rock, which Cromla ſhakes from its ſide. But never more ſhall Oſcar riſe! he leans on his boſſy ſhield. His ſpear is in his terrible hand: Erin's ſons ſtood diſtant and dark. Their ſhouts aroſe, like the crowded noiſe of ſtreams, and Lena echoed around.

Fingal heard the ſound; and took his father's ſpear. His ſteps are before us on the

(1) The Iriſh hiſtorians place the death of Cairbar in the latter end of the third century: they ſay, he was killed in battle againſt Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian, but deny that he fell by his hand. As they have nothing to go upon but the traditions of their bards, the tranſlator thinks that the account of Oſſian is as probable: at the worſt, it is but oppoſing one tradition to another.

heath. He ſpoke the words of woe. I hear the noiſe of battle: and Oſcar is alone. Riſe, ye ſons of Morven, and join the hero's ſword.

Oſſian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Lena. Fergus flew with feet of wind. Fingal ſtrode in his ſtrength, and the light of his shield is terrible. The ſons of Erin ſaw it far diſtant; they trembled in their ſouls. They knew that the wrath of the king aroſe: and they foreſaw their death. We firſt arrived; we fought; and Erin's chiefs withſtood our rage. But when the king came, in the ſound of his courſe, what heart of ſteel could ſtand! Erin fled over Lena. Death purſued their flight.

We ſaw Oſcar leaning on his shield. We ſaw his blood around. Silence darkened on every hero's face. Each turned his back and wept. The king ſtrove to hide his tears. His gray beard whiſtled in the wind. He bends his head over his ſon: and his words are mixed with ſighs.

And art thou fallen, Oſcar, in the midſt of thy courſe? the heart of the aged beats over thee! He ſees thy coming battles. He beholds the battles which ought to come, but they are cut off from thy fame. When shall joy dwell at Selma? When shall the ſong of grief ceaſe on Morven? My ſons

fall by degrees: Fingal shall be the laſt of his race. The fame which I have received shall paſs away: my age will be without friends. I shall ſit like a grey cloud in my hall: nor shall I expect the return of a ſon, in the midſt of his ſounding arms. Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more shall Oſcar riſe!

And they did weep, O Fingal! dear was the hero to their ſouls. He went out to battle, and the foes vanished; he returned, in peace, amidſt their joy. No father mourned his ſon ſlain in youth; no brother his brother of love. They fell, without tears, for the chief of the people was low! Bran (1) is howling at his feet: gloomy Luath is ſad, for he had often led them to the chace; to the bounding roes of the deſart.

When Oſcar beheld his friends around, his white breaſt roſe with a ſigh.—The groans, he ſaid, of my aged heroes, the howling of my dogs, the ſudden burſts of the ſong of grief have melted Oſcar's ſoul. My ſoul, that never melted before; it was like the ſteel of my ſword. — Oſſian, carry me to my

(1) Bran was one of Fingal's dogs.——He was ſo remarkable for his fleetneſs, that the poet, in a piece which is not juſt now in the tranſlator's hands, has given him the ſame properties with Virgil's Camilla.

hills! Raiſe the ſtones of my fame. Place the horn of the deer, and my ſword within my narrow dwelling. — The torrent hereafter may wash away the earth of my tomb: the hunter may find the ſteel and ſay, « This « has been Oſcar's ſword. »

And falleſt thou, ſon of my fame! And ſhall I never ſee thee, Oſcar! When others hear of their ſons, I ſhall not hear of thee. The moſs is on the ſtones of his tomb, and the mournful wind is there. The battle ſhall be fought without him: he ſhall not purſue the dark-brown hinds. When the warrior returns from battles, and tells of other lands, he will ſay, I have ſeen a tomb, by the roaring ſtream, where a warrior darkly dwells: he was ſlain by car-borne Oſcar, the firſt of mortal men.—I, perhaps, ſhall hear him, and a beam of joy will riſe in my ſoul.

The night would have deſcended in ſorrow, and morning returned in the shadow of grief: our chiefs would have ſtood like cold dropping rocks on Lena, and have forgot the war, had not the king diſperſed his grief, and raiſed his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-wakened from dreams, lift their heads around.

How long ſhall we weep on Lena; or pour our tears in Ullin? The mighty will

not return. Oſcar ſhall not riſe in his ſtrength. The valiant muſt fall one day, and be no more known on his hills.—Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have ſet like ſtars that have ſhone, we only hear the ſound of their praiſe. But they were renowned in their day, and the terror of other times. Thus ſhall we paſs, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned when we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the laſt beams of the ſun, when he hides his red head in the weſt.

Ullin, my aged bard! take the ſhip of the king. Carry Oſcar to Selma, and let the daughters of Morven weep. We ſhall fight in Erin for the race of fallen Cormac. The days of my years begin to fail: I feel the weakneſs of my arm. My fathers bend from their clouds, to receive their gray-haired ſon. But, Temmor! before I go hence, one beam of my fame ſhall riſe: ſo ſhall my days end, as my years begun, in fame: my life ſhall be one ſtream of light to other times.

Ullin raiſ'd his white ſails: the wind of the ſouth came forth. He bounded on the waves towards Selma's walls. — I remained in my grief, but my words were not heard. —The feaſt is ſpread on Lena: an hundred heroes reared the tomb of Cairbar: but no ſong is raiſed over the chief; for his ſoul

had been dark and bloody. We remembered the fall of Cormac! and what could we ſay in Cairbar's praiſe?

The night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks aroſe. Fingal ſat beneath a tree. The chief of Etha ſat near the king, the gray-hair'd ſtrength of Uſnoth.

Old Althan (1) ſtood in the midſt, and told the tale of fallen Cormac. Althan the ſon of Conachar, the friend of car-borne Cuchullin: he dwelt with Cormac in windy Temora, when Semo's ſon fought with generous Torlath. — The tale of Althan was mournful, and the tear was in his eye.

(2) The ſetting ſun was yellow on Dora (3). Gray evening began to deſcend. Temora's woods ſhook with the blaſt of the unconſtant wind. A cloud, at length, ga-

(1) Althan, the ſon of Conachar, was the chief bard of Arth king of Ireland. After the death of Arth, Althan attended his ſon Cormac, and was preſent at his death.——He had made his eſcape from Cairbar, by the means of Cathmor, and coming to Fingal, related, as here, the death of his maſter Cormac.

(2) Althan ſpeaks.

(3) Doira, *the woody ſide of a mountain*; it is here a hill in the neighbourhood of Temora.

thered in the weſt, and a red ſtar looked from behind its edge.—I ſtood in the wood alone, and ſaw a ghoſt on the darkening air. His ſtride extended from hill to hill: his ſhield was dim on his ſide. It was the ſon of Semo: I knew the ſadneſs of his face. But he paſſed away in his blaſt; and all was dark around.—My ſoul was ſad. I went to the hall of ſhells. A thouſand lights aroſe; the hundred bards had ſtrung the harp. Cormac ſtood in the midſt, like the morning ſtar (1), when it rejoices on the eaſtern hill, and its young beams are bathed in ſhowers. — The ſword of Artho (2) was in the hand of the king; and he looked with joy on its polished ſtuds: thrice he attempted to draw it, and thrice he failed: his yellow locks are ſpread on his ſhoulders: his cheeks

(1) *Qualis, ubi oceani perfuſus Lucifer unda,*
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os ſacrum cœlo, tenebraſque reſolvit.
VIRG.

So from the ſeas exerts his radiant head,
The ſtar, by whom the lights of heav'n are led:
Shakes from his roſy locks the pearly dews;
Diſpels the darkneſs, and the day renews.
DRYDEN.

(1) Arth, or Artho, the father of Cormac king of Ireland.

of youth are red.—I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was ſoon to ſet.

Althan! he ſaid, with a ſmile, haſt thou beheld my father? Heavy is the ſword of the king, ſurely his arm was ſtrong. O that I were like him in battle, when the rage of his wrath aroſe! then would I have met, like Cuchullin, the car-borne ſon of Cantéla! But years may come on, O Althan! and my arm be ſtrong.—Haſt thou heard of Semo's ſon, the chief of high Temora? He might have returned with his fame; for he promiſed to return to-night. My bards wait him with their ſongs, and my feaſt is ſpread.—

I heard the king in ſilence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my gray locks; but he perceived my grief.

Son of Conachar! he ſaid, is the king of Tura low? Why burſts thy ſigh in ſecret? And why deſcends the tear? Comes the car-borne Torlath? Or the ſound of the red-haired Cairbar?—They come!—for I ſee thy grief; and Tura's king is low!—Shall I not rush to battle?—But I cannot lift the arms of my fathers!—O had mine arm the ſtrength of Cuchullin, ſoon would Cairbar fly; the fame of my fathers would be renewed, and the actions of other times!

He took his bow of yew. Tears flow from

his ſparkling eyes. —Grief ſaddens around: the bards bend forward from their harps. The blaſt touches their ſtrings, and the ſound of woe aſcends.

A voice is heard at a diſtance, as of one in grief; it was Carril of other times, who came from the dark Slimora (1).—He told of the death of Cuchullin, and of his mighty deeds. The people were ſcattered around his tomb: their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the battle, for the ſound of his ſhield had ceaſed.

But who, ſaid the ſoft-voiced Carril, come like the bounding roes? their ſtature is like the young trees of the plain, growing in a ſhower:—Soft and ruddy are their cheeks: but fearleſs ſouls look forth from their eyes. —Who but the ſons of Uſnoth, the car-borne chiefs of Etha? The people riſe on every ſide, like the ſtrength of an half-extinguiſhed fire, when the winds come ſuddenly from the deſart, on their ruſtling wings. —The ſound of Caithbat's ſhield was heard. The heroes ſaw Cuchullin (2), in the form

(1) Slimora, a hill in Connaught, near which Cuchullin was killed.

(2) That is, they ſaw a manifeſt likeneſs between the perſon of Nathos and Cuchullin.

of lovely Nathos. So rolled his ſparkling eyes, and ſuch were his ſteps on his heath.—Battles are fought at Lego: the ſword of Nathos prevails. Soon ſhalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of woody Temora!—

'And ſoon may I behold him, O Carril! replied the returning joy of Cormac. But my ſoul is ſad for Cuchullin: his voice was pleaſant in mine ear.—Often have we moved on Dora, at the chace of the dark-brown hinds: his bow was unerring on the mountains.—He ſpoke of mighty men. He told of the deeds of my fathers; and I felt the joy of my breaſt.—But ſit thou, at the feaſt, O Carril; I have often heard thy voice. Sing in the praiſe of Cuchullin; and of that mighty ſtranger.

Day roſe on Temora, with all the beams of the eaſt. Trathin came to the hall, the ſon of old Gellama (1).—I behold, he ſaid, a dark cloud in the deſart, king of Innisfail! a cloud it ſeemed at firſt, but now a crowd of men. One ſtrides before them in his ſtrength; and his red hair flies in the wind. His ſhield glitters to the beam of the eaſt. His ſpear is in his hand.

Call him to the feaſt of Temora, replied

(1) Geal-lamha, *white-handed.*

the king of Erin. My hall is the houſe of ſtrangers, ſon of the generous Gellama! — Perhaps it is the chief of Etha, coming in the ſound of his renown.—Hail, mighty ſtranger, art thou of the friends of Cormac?— But Carril, he is dark, and unlovely; and he draws his ſword. Is that the ſon of Uſnoth, bard of the times of old?

It is not the ſon of Uſnoth, ſaid Carril, but the chief of Atha.—Why comeſt thou in thy arms to Temora, Cairbar of the gloomy brow? Let not thy ſword riſe againſt Cormac! Whither doſt thou turn thy ſpeed?

He paſſed on in his darkneſs, and ſeized the hand of the king. Cormac foreſaw his death, and the rage of his eyes aroſe. — Retire, thou gloomy chief of Atha: Nathos comes with battle. — Thou art bold in Cormac's hall, for his arm is weak.—The ſword entered Cormac's ſide: he fell in the halls of his fathers. His fair hair is in the duſt. His blood is ſmoaking round.

And art thou fallen in thy halls, I ſaid (1), O ſon of noble Artho? The ſhield of Cuchullin was not near. Nor the ſpear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low!—Bleſt be

(1) Althan ſpeaks.

thy ſoul, O Cormac! thou art ſnatched from the midſt of thy courſe.

My words came to the ears of Cairbar, and he cloſed us (1) in the midſt of darkneſs. He feared to ſtretch his ſword to the bards (1): though his ſoul was dark. Three days we pined alone: on the fourth, the noble Cathmor came.—He heard our voice from the cave; he turned the eye of his wrath on Cairbar.

Chief of Atha! he ſaid, how long wilt thou pain my ſoul? Thy heart is like the rock of the deſart; and thy thoughts are dark.—But thou art the brother of Cathmor, and he will fight thy battles.—But Cathmor's ſoul is not like thine, thou feeble hand of war! The light of my boſom is ſtained with thy deeds: the bards will not ſing of my renown. They may ſay, « Cathmor was brave, but he fought « for gloomy Cairbar. » They will paſs over my tomb in ſilence, and my fame ſhall not be heard.—Cairbar! looſe the bards: they are the ſons of other times. Their voice ſhall be heard in other ages, when the kings of Temora have failed.

(1) That is, himſelf and Carril, as it afterwards appears.

(2) The perſons of the bards were ſo ſacred, that even he, who had juſt murdered his ſovereign, feared to kill them.

We came forth at the words of the chief. We ſaw him in his ſtrength. He was like thy youth, O Fingal, when thou firſt didſt lift the ſpear. — His face was like the ſunny field when it is bright: no darkneſs moved over his brow. But he came with his thouſands to Ullin, to aid the red-haired Cairbar: and now he comes to revenge his death, O king of woody Morven.—

And let him come, replied the king; I love a foe like Cathmor. His ſoul is great: his arm is ſtrong, and his battles are full of fame.—But the little ſoul is like a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake: it never riſes on the green hill, leſt the winds meet it there: its dwelling is in the cave, and it ſends forth the dart of death.

Uſnoth! thou haſt heard the fame of Etha's car-borne chiefs.—Our young heroes, O warrior, are like the renown of our fathers. —They fight in youth, and they fall: their names are in the ſong.—But we are old, O Uſnoth, let us not fall like aged oaks; which the blaſt overturns in ſecret. The hunter came, paſt and ſaw them lying gray acroſs a ſtream. How have theſe fallen? he ſaid, and whiſtling paſſed along.

Raiſe the ſong of joy, ye bards of Mor-

The red ſtars look on us from the clouds, and ſilently deſcend. Soon ſhall the gray beam of the morning riſe, and ſhew us the foes of Cormac.—Fillan! take the ſpear of the king; go to Mora's dark-brown ſide. Let thine eyes travel over the heath, like flames of fire. Obſerve the foes of Fingal, and the courſe of generous Cathmor. I heard a diſtant ſound, like the falling of rocks in the deſart.—But ſtrike thou thy ſhield, at times, that they may not come through night, and the fame of Morven ceaſe.—I begin to be alone, my ſon, and I dread the fall of my renown.

The voice of the bards aroſe. The king leaned on the ſhield of Trenmor.—Sleep deſcended on his eyes, and his future battles roſe in his dreams. The hoſt are ſleeping around. Dark-haired Fillan obſerved the foe. His ſteps are on a diſtant hill: we hear, at times, his clanging ſhield.

One of the Fragments of ancient Poetry lately published, gives a different account of the death of Oſcar, the ſon of Oſſian. The tranſlator, though he well knew the more probable tradition concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Oſſian's compoſition, has much of his manner, and conciſe turn of expreſſion. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has ſince come to the tranſlator's hands, has enabled him to correct the miſtake, into which a ſimilarity of names had led thoſe who handed

down the poem by tradition. —— The heroes of the piece are Oſcar the ſon of Caruth, and Dermid the ſon of Diaran. Oſſian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oſcar, and afterwards, by an eaſy tranſition, relates the ſtory of Oſcar the ſon of Caruth, who ſeems to have bore the ſame character, as well as name, with Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian. Though the tranſlator thinks he has good reaſon to reject the fragment as the compoſition of Oſſian; yet as it is, after all, ſtill ſomewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here ſubjoined it.

WHY openeſt thou afreſh the ſpring of my grief, O ſon of Alpin, inquiring how Oſcar fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oſcar, my ſon, ſhall I ſee thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a ſtorm; as the ſun from the midſt of his courſe, when clouds riſe from the waſte of the waves, when the blackneſs of the ſtorm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blaſt hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oſcar, my ſon! ſhall I ſee thee no more!

But, ſon of Alpin, the hero fell not harmleſs as the graſs of the field; the blood of the mighty

was on his ſword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oſcar, thou ſon of Caruth, thou haſt fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy ſpear was ſtained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oſcar were one: They reaped the battle together. Their friendſhip was ſtrong as their ſteel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their ſwords were ſtained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oſcar, but Dermid? and who to Dermid, but Oſcar?

They killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two ſtars in a ſhower: her breath, the gale of ſpring: her breaſts, as the new-fallen ſnow floating on the moving heath. The warriors ſaw her, and loved; their ſouls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame; each muſt poſſeſs her or die. But her ſoul was fixed on Oſcar; the ſon of Caruth was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that ſlew him.

Son of Caruth, ſaid Dermid, I love; O Oſcar, I love this maid. But her ſoul cleaveth unto

thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this boſom, Oſcar; relieve me, my friend, with thy ſword.

My ſword, ſon of Diaran, ſhall never be ſtained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to ſlay me, O Oſcar, ſon of Caruth? Let not my life paſs away unknown. Let none but Oſcar ſlay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make uſe of thy ſword; ſon of Diaran, wield thy ſteel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the ſtreams of Branno. Blood tinged the running water, and curdled round the moſſy ſtones. The ſtately Dermid fell; he fell, and ſmiled in death.

And falleſt thou, ſon of Diaran, falleſt thou by Oſcar's hand! Dermid who never yielded in war, thus do I ſee thee fall! —— He went, and returned to the maid of his love; he returned, but ſhe perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, ſon of Caruth? what ſhades thy mighty ſoul?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have loſt my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the ſhield of the valiant Gormur, whom I ſlew in battle. I have waſted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, ſon of Caruth, the ſkill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my father delighted in my ſkill.

She went. He ſtood behind the ſhield. Her arrow flew, and pierced his breaſt.

Bleſſed be that hand of ſnow; and bleſſed that bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to ſlay the ſon of Caruth? Lay me in the earth, my fair one; lay me by the ſide of Dermid.

Oſcar! the maid replied, I have the ſoul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleaſed I can meet death. My ſorrow I can end. —— She pierced her white boſom with the ſteel. She fell; ſhe trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal ſhade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy ſons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and ſilence over all the hills.

CARRIC-THURA:

CARRIC-THURA:

A POEM.

CARRIC-THURA (1):

A POEM.

HAST (2) thou left thy blue courſe in heaven, golden-haired ſon of the ſky! The

(1) Fingal, returning from an expedition which he had made into the Roman province, reſolved to viſit Cathulla king of Inis-tore, and brother to Comála, whoſe ſtory is related, at large, in the dramatic poem, published in this collection. Upon his coming in ſight of Carric-thura, the palace of Cathulla, he obſerved a flame on its top, which, in thoſe days, was a ſignal of diſtreſs. The wind drove him into a bay, at ſome diſtance from Carric-thura, and he was obliged to paſs the night on the ſhore. Next day he attacked the army of Frothal king of Sora who had beſieged Cathulla in his palace of Carric-thura, and took Frothal himſelf priſoner, after he had engaged him in a ſingle combat. The deliverance of Carric-thura is the ſubject of the poem, but ſeveral other epiſodes are interwoven with it. It appears from tradition, that this poem was addreſſed to a Culdee, or one of the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries, and that the ſtory of the *Spirit of Loda*, ſuppoſed to be the ancient Odin of Scandinavia, was introduced by Oſſian in oppoſition to the Culdee's doctrine. Be this as it will, it lets us into Oſſian's notions of a ſuperior being; and ſhews that he was not addicted to the ſuperſtition wich prevailed all the world over, before the introduction of Chriſtianity.

(2) *The ſong* of Ullin, with which the poem

weſt has opened its gates; the bed of thy repoſe is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty: they lift their trembling heads: they ſee thee lovely in thy ſleep; but they ſhrink away with fear. Reſt, in thy ſhadowy cave, O ſun! and let thy return be in joy.—But let a thouſand lights ariſe to the ſound of the harps of Selma: let the beam ſpread in the hall, the king of ſhells is returned! The ſtrife of Crona (1) is paſt, like ſounds that are no more: raiſe the ſong, O bards, the king is returned with his fame!

Such was the ſong of Ullin, when Fingal returned from battle: when he returned in the fair bluſhing of youth; with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the hero; like a gray cloud on the ſun, when he moves in his robes of miſt, and ſhews but half his beams. His heroes follow the king: the feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. Fingal turns to his bards, and bids the ſong to riſe.

opens, is in a lyric meaſure. It was uſual with Fingal, when he returned from his expeditions, to ſend his bards ſinging before him. This ſpecies of triumph is called, by Oſſian, the *ſong of victory*.

(1) Oſſian has celebrated the *ſtrife of Crona*, in a particular poem. This poem is connected with it, but it was impoſſible for the tranſlator to procure that part which relates to Crona, with any degree of purity.

Voices of echoing Cona! he ſaid, O bards of other times! Ye, on whoſe ſouls the blue hoſts of our fathers riſe! ſtrike the harp in my hall; and let Fingal hear the ſong. Pleaſant is the joy of grief! it is like the ſhower of ſpring, when it ſoftens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head. Sing on, O bards, to-morrow we lift the ſail. My blue courſe is through the ocean, to Carric-thura's walls; the moſſy walls of Sarno, where Comála dwelt. There the noble Cathulla ſpreads the feaſt of ſhells. The boars of his woods are many, and the ſound of the chace ſhall ariſe.

Cronnan (1), ſon of ſong! ſaid Ullin, Minona, graceful at the harp! raiſe the ſong of Shilric, to pleaſe the king of Morven. Let Vinvela come in her beauty, like the showery bow, when it ſhews its lovely head on the lake, and the ſetting ſun is bright. And she comes, O Fingal! her voice is ſoft, but ſad.

(1) One ſhould think that the parts of Shilric and Vinvela were repreſented by Cronnan and Minona, whoſe very names denote that they were ſingers, who performed in public. Cronnan ſignifies *a mournful ſound*; Minona, or Mín-'ónn, *ſoft air*. All the dramatic poems of Oſſian appear to have been preſented before Fingal, upon ſolemn occaſions.

VINVELA.

My love is a ſon of the hill. He purſues the flying deer. His gray dogs are panting around him; his bow-ſtring ſounds in the wind. Doſt thou reſt by the fount of the rock, or by the noiſe of the mountain-ſtream? The rushes are nodding with the wind, the miſt is flying over the hill. I will approach my love unperceived, and ſee him from the rock. Lovely I ſaw thee firſt by the aged oak of Branno (1), thou wert returning tall from the chace; the faireſt among thy friends.

SHILRIC.

What voice is that I hear? that voice like the ſummer-wind. — I ſit not by the nodding rushes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela (2), afar I go to the

(1) Bran, or Branno, ſignifies *a mountain-ſtream:* it is here ſome river known by that name, in the days of Oſſian. There are ſeveral ſmall rivers in the north of Scotland ſtill retaining the name of Bran; in particular one which falls into the Tay at Dunkeld.

(2) Bhin-bheul, *a woman with a melodious voice. Bh* in the Galic Language has the ſame ſound with the *v* in English.

wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I ſee thee, fair-moving by the ſtream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the weſtern wave.

VINVELA.

Then thou art gone, O Shilric! and I am alone on the hill. The deer are ſeen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the ruſtling tree. The hunter is far removed; he is in the field of graves. Strangers! ſons of the waves! ſpare my lovely Shilric.

SHILRIC.

If fall I muſt in the field, raiſe high my grave, Vinvela. Gray ſtones and heaped-up earth, ſhall mark me to future times. When the hunter ſhall ſit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, « Some warrior reſts « here, » he will ſay; and my fame ſhall live in his praiſe. Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

Yes! — I will remember thee — Indeed my Shilric will fall. What ſhall I do, my love! when thou art gone for ever? Through theſe

hills I will go at noon: I will go through the ſilent heath. There I will ſee the place of thy reſt, returning from the chace. Indeed, my Shilric will fall; but I will remember him.

And I remember the chief, ſaid the king of woody Morven; he conſumed the battle in his rage. But now my eyes behold him not. I met him, one day, on the hill; his cheek was pale; his brow was dark. The ſigh was frequent in his breaſt: his ſteps were towards the deſart. But now he is not in the crowd of my chiefs, when the ſounds of my ſhields ariſe. Dwells he in the narrow houſe (1), the chief of high Carmora (2)?

Cronnan! ſaid Ullin of other times, raiſe the ſong of Shilric; when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her gray moſſy ſtone; he thought Vinvela lived. He ſaw her fair-moving (3)

(1) The grave.

(2) Carn-mór, *high rocky hill.*

(3) The diſtinction, which the ancient Scots made between good and bad ſpirits, was, that the former appeared ſometimes in the day-time in lonely unfrequented places, but the latter ſeldom but by night, and always in a diſmal gloomy ſcene.

on the plain: but the bright form laſted not: the ſun-beam fled from the field, and she was ſeen no more. Hear the ſong of Shilric: it is ſoft, but ſad.

I ſit by the moſſy fountain; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is ruſtling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer deſcend from the hill. No hunter at a diſtance is ſeen; no whiſtling cow-herd is nigh. It is mid-day: but all is ſilent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didſt thou but appear, O my love, a wanderer on the heath! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee; thy boſom heaving on the ſight; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends; whom the miſt of the hill had concealed! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's houſe.

But is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath? bright as the moon in autumn, as the ſun in a ſummer-ſtorm, comeſt thou, lovely maid, over rocks, over mountains to me? — She ſpeaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the pool.

Returneſt thou ſafe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric!

Yes, my fair, I return; but I alone of my race. Thou ſhalt ſee them no more: their graves I raiſed on the plain. But why art thou on the deſert hill? Why on the heath, alone?

Alone I am, O Shilric! alone in the winter-houſe. With grief for thee I expired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

She fleets, she ſails away; as gray miſt before the wind! — and, wilt thou not ſtay, my love? Stay, and behold my tears! fair thou appeareſt, Vinvela? fair thou waſt, when alive!

By the moſſy fountain I will ſit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is ſilent around, converſe, O my love, with me! come on the wings of the gale! on the blaſt of the mountain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou paſſeſt, when mid-day is ſilent around.

Such was the ſong of Cronnan, on the night of Selma's joy. But morning roſe in the eaſt; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his ſails ro riſe, and the winds come ruſtling from their hills. Inis-tore roſe to ſight, and Carric-thura's moſſy towers. But the ſign of diſtreſs was on their top: the green flame edged with ſmoke. The king of

Morven ſtruck his breaſt: he aſſumed, at once, his ſpear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coaſt: he looks back to the lagging winds. His hair is diſordered on his back. The ſilence of the king is terrible.

Night came down on the ſea; Rotha's bay received the ſhip. A rock bends along the coaſt with all its echoing wood. On the top is the circle (1) of Loda, and the moſſy ſtone of power. A narrow plain ſpreads beneath, covered with graſs and aged trees, which the mid-night winds, in their wrath, had torn from the ſhaggy rock. The blue courſe of a ſtream is there: and the lonely blaſt of ocean purſues the thiſtle's beard.

The flame of three oaks aroſe: the feaſt is ſpread around: but the ſoul of the king is ſad, for Carric-thura's battling chief. The wan, cold moon roſe, in the eaſt. Sleep deſcended on the youths: their blue helmets glitter to the beam; the fading fire decays. But ſleep did not reſt on the king: he roſe in the midſt of his arms, and ſlowly aſcended the hill to behold the flame of Sarno's tower.

The flame was dim and diſtant; the moon

(1) *The circle of Loda* is ſuppoſed to be a place of worſhip among the Scandinavians, as the ſpirit of Loda is thought to be the ſame with their God Odin.

hid her red face in the eaſt. A blaſt came from the mountain, and bore, on its wings, the ſpirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors (1), and he shook his dusky ſpear.—His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; and his woice is like diſtant thunder. Fingal advanced with the ſpear of his ſtrength, and raiſed his voice on high.

Son of night, retire: call thy winds and fly! Why doſt thou come to my preſence, with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, diſmal ſpirit of Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds: feeble is that meteor, thy ſword. The blaſt rolls them together; and thou thyſelf doſt vanish. Fly from my preſence, ſon of night! call thy winds and fly!

Doſt thou force me from my place, replied the hollow voice? The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the valiant. I look on the nations, and they vanish: my noſtrils pour the blaſt of death. I come (2) abroad on the winds: the tem-

(1) He is deſcribed, in a ſimile, in the poem concerning the death of Cuchullin.

(2) There is a great reſemblance between the terrors of this mock divinity, and thoſe of the true God, as they are deſcribed in the 18th Pſalm.

peſts are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my reſt are pleaſant.

Dwell then in thy calm field, ſaid Fingal, and let Comhal's ſon be forgot. Do my ſteps aſcend, from my hills, into thy peaceful plains! Do I meet thee, with a ſpear, on thy cloud, ſpirit of diſmal Loda! Why then doſt thou frown on Fingal? or ſhake thine airy ſpear? But thou frowneſt in vain: I never fled from mighty men. And ſhall the ſons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No: he knows the weakneſs of their arms.

Fly to thy land, replied the form: receive the wind and fly. The blaſts are in the hollow of my hand: the courſe of the ſtorm is mine. The king of Sora is my ſon, he bends at the ſtone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura; and he will prevail. Fly to thy land, ſon of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath.

He lifted high his ſhadowy ſpear; and bent forward his terrible height. But the king, advancing, drew his ſword; the blade of dark-brown Luno (1). The gleaming path of the

(1) The famous ſword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno, ſmith of Lochlin.

ſteel winds through the gloomy ghoſt. The form fell ſhapeleſs into air, like a column of ſmoke, which the ſtaff of the boy diſturbs, as it riſes from the half-extinguiſhed furnace.

The ſpirit of Loda ſhrieked, as, rolled into himſelf, he roſe on the wind. Iniſtore ſhook at the ſound. The waves heard it on the deep: they ſtopped, in their courſe, with fear: the companions of Fingal ſtarted, at once; and took their heavy ſpears. They miſſed the king: they roſe with rage; all their arms reſound.

The moon came forth in the eaſt. The king returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youths was great; their ſouls ſettled, as a ſea from a ſtorm. Ullin raiſed the ſong of gladneſs. The hills of Iniſtore rejoiced. The flame of the oak aroſe; and the tales of heroes are told.

But Frothal, Sora's battling king, ſits in ſadneſs beneath a tree. The hoſt ſpreads around Carric-thura. He looks towards the walls with rage. He longs for the blood of Cathulla, who, once, overcame the king in war.—When Annir reigned (1) in Sora,

(1) Annir was alſo the father of Erragon, who was killed after the death of his brother Frothal.

the father of car-borne Frothal, a blaſt roſe on the ſea, and carried Frothal to Iniſtore. Three days he feaſted in Sarno's halls, and ſaw the ſlow rolling eyes of Comála. He loved her, in the rage of youth, and rushed to ſeize the white-armed maid. Cathulla met the chief. The gloomy battle roſe. Frothal is bound in the hall: three days he pined alone. On the fourth, Sarno ſent him to his ſhip, and he returned to his land. But wrath darkened in his ſoul againſt the noble Cathulla. When Annir's ſtone (1) of fame aroſe, Frothal came in his ſtrength. The battle burned round Carric-thura, and Sarno's moſſy walls.

Morning roſe on Iniſtore. Frothal ſtruck his dark-brown ſhield. His chiefs ſtarted at the ſound; they ſtood, but their eyes were turned to the ſea. They ſaw Fingal coming in his ſtrength; and firſt the noble Thubar ſpoke.

Who comes like the ſtag of the mountain, with all his herd behind him? Frothal, it is a foe; I ſee his forward ſpear. Perhaps it

The death of Erragon is the ſubject of *the battle of Lora*, a poem in this collection.

(1) That is, after the death of Annir. To erect the ſtone of one's fame, was, in other words, to ſay that the perſon was dead.

is the king of Morven, Fingal the firſt of men. His actions are well known on Gormal; the blood of his foes is in Starno's halls. Shall I ask the peace (1) of kings? He is like the thunder of heaven.

Son of the feeble hand, ſaid Frothal, ſhall my days begin in darkneſs? Shall I yield before I have conquered in battle, chief of ſtreamy Tora? The people would ſay in Sora, Frothal flew forth like a meteor; but the dark cloud met it, and it is no more. No: Thubar, I will never yield; my fame ſhall ſurround me like light. No: I will never yield, king of ſtreamy Tora.

He went forth with the ſtream of his people, but they met a rock: Fingal ſtood unmoved, broken they rolled back from his ſide. Nor did they roll in ſafety; the ſpear of the king purſued their flight. The field is covered with heroes. A riſing hill preſerved the flying hoſt.

Frothal ſaw their flight. The rage of his boſom roſe. He bent his eyes to the ground, and called the noble Thubar.—Thubar! my people fled. My fame has ceaſed to riſe. I will fight the king; I feel my burning ſoul. Send a bard to demand the combat. Speak not againſt Frothal's words.—But, Thubar!

(1) Honourable terms of peace.

I love a maid; she dwells by Thano's ſtream, the white-boſomed daughter of Herman, Utha with the ſoftly-rolling eyes. She feared the daughter (1) of Iniſtore, and her ſoft ſighs roſe, at my departure. Tell to Utha that I am low; but that my ſoul delighted in her.

Such were his words, reſolved to fight. But the ſoft ſigh of Utha was near. She had followed her hero over the ſea, in the armour of a man. She rolled her eye on the youth, in ſecret, from beneath a glittering helmet. But now she ſaw the bard as he went, and the ſpear fell thrice from her hand. Her looſe hair flew on the wind. Her white breaſt roſe, with ſighs. She lifted up her eyes to the king; she would ſpeak, but thrice she failed.

Fingal heard the words of the bard; he came in the ſtrength of ſteel. They mixed their deathful ſpears, and raiſed the gleam of their ſwords. But the ſteel of Fingal deſcended, and cut Frothal's shield in twain. His fair ſide is expoſed; half bent he foreſees his death.

(1) By the daughter of Iniſtore, Frothal means Comála, of whoſe death Utha probably had not heard; conſequently she feared that the former paſſion of Frothal for Comála might return.

Darkneſs gathered on Utha's ſoul. The tear rolled down her cheek. She rushed to cover the chief with her shield; but a fallen oak met her ſteps. She fell on her arm of ſnow; her shield, her helmet flew wide. Her white boſom heaved to the ſight; her dark-brown hair is ſpread on earth.

Fingal pitied the white-armed maid: he ſtayed the uplifted ſword. The tear was in the eye of the king, as, bending forward, he ſpoke. King of ſtreamy Sora! fear not the ſword of Fingal. It was never ſtained with the blood of the vanquished; it never pierced a fallen foe. Let thy people rejoice along the blue waters of Tora: let the maids of thy love be glad. Why ſhouldſt thou fall in thy youth, king of ſtreamy Sora?

Frothal heard the words of Fingal, and ſaw the riſing maid: they (1) ſtood in ſilence, in their beauty: like two young trees of the plain, when the ſhower of ſpring is on their leaves, and the loud winds are laid.

Daughter of Herman, ſaid Frothal, didſt thou come from Tora's ſtreams? didſt thou come, in thy beauty, to behold thy warrior low? But he was low before the mighty, maid of the ſlow-rolling eye! The feeble

(1) Frothal and Utha.

did not overcome the ſon of car-borne Annir. Terrible art thou, O king of Morven! in battles of the ſpear. But, in peace, thou art like the ſun, when he looks through a ſilent ſhower: the flowers lift their fair heads before him; and the gales ſhake their ruſtling wings. O that thou wert in Sora! that my feaſt were ſpread!—The future kings of Sora would ſee thy arms and rejoice. They would rejoice at the fame of their fathers, who beheld the mighty Fingal.

Son of Annir, replied the king, the fame of Sora's race ſhall be heard.—When chiefs are ſtrong in battle, then does the ſong ariſe. But if their ſwords are ſtretched over the feeble: if the blood of the weak has ſtained their arms; the bard ſhall forget them in the ſong, and their tombs ſhall not be known. The ſtranger ſhall come and build there, and remove the heaped-up earth. An half-worn ſword ſhall riſe before him; and bending above it, he will ſay, « Theſe are the arms « of chiefs of old, but their names are « not in ſong. » — Come thou, O Frothal, to the feaſt of Iniſtore; let the maid of thy love be there; and our faces will brighten with joy.

Fingal took his ſpear, moving in the ſteps of his might. The gates of Carric-thura are opened. The feaſt of ſhells is ſpread.—The voice of muſic aroſe. Gladneſs brighten-

ed in the hall. — The voice of Ullin was heard ; the harp of Selma was ſtrung. — Utha rejoiced in his preſence, and demanded the ſong of grief; the big tear hung in her eye, when the ſoft (1) Crimora ſpoke; Crimora the daughter of Rinval, who dwelt at Lotha's (2) mighty ſtream. The tale was long, but lovely; and pleaſed the bluſhing maid of Tora.

CRIMORA (3).

Who cometh from the hill, like a cloud tinged with the beam of the weſt? Whoſe voice is that, loud as the wind, but pleaſant as the harp of Carril (4)? It is my love in the light of ſteel; but ſad is his darkened

(1) There is a propriety in introducing this epiſode, as the ſituations of Crimora and Utha were ſo ſimilar.

(2) Lotha was the ancient name of one of the great rivers in the north of Scotland. The only one of them that ſtill retains a name of a like ſound is Lochy, in Inverneſshire; but whether it is the river mentioned here, the tranſlator will not pretend to ſay.

(3) Cri-móra, *a woman of a great ſoul.*

(4) Perhaps the Carril mentioned here is the ſame with Carril the ſon of Kinfena, Cuchullin's bard. The name itſelf is proper to any bard, as it ſignifies *a ſprightly and harmonious ſound.*

brow. Live the mighty race of Fingal? or what diſturbs my Connal (1)?

CONNAL.

They live. I ſaw them return from the chace, like a ſtream of light. The ſun was on their ſhields. Like a ridge of fire they deſcended the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth; the war, my love, is near. To-morrow the terrible Dargo comes to try the force of our race. The race of Fingal he defies; the race of battle and wounds.

CRIMORA.

Connal, I ſaw his ſails like gray miſt on the ſable wave. They ſlowly came to land. Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo!

CONNAL.

Bring me thy father's ſhield; the boſſy, iron ſhield of Rinval; that ſhield like the full moon when it moves darkened through heaven.

(1) Connal, the ſon of Diaran, was one of the moſt famous heroes of Fingal; he was ſlain in a battle againſt Dargo a Briton; but whether by the hand of the enemy, or that of his miſtreſs, tradition does not determine.

CRIMORA.

That shield I bring, O Connal; but it did not defend my father. By the ſpear of Gormar he fell. Thou may'ſt fall, O Connal!

CONNAL.

Fall indeed I may: But raiſe my tomb, Crimora. Gray ſtones, a mound of earth, ſhall keep my memory. Bend thy red eye over my tomb, and beat thy mournful heaving breaſt. Though fair thou art, my love, as the light; more pleaſant than the gale of the hill; yet I will not ſtay. Raiſe my tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

Then give me thoſe arms of light; that ſword, and that ſpear of ſteel. I ſhall meet Dargo with thee, and aid my lovely Connal. Farewel, ye rocks of Ardven! ye deer! and ye ſtreams of the hill!—Whe ſhall return no more. Our tombs are diſtant far.

And did they return no more? ſaid Utha's burſting ſigh. Fell the mighty in battle, and did Crimora live?— Her ſteps were lonely, and her ſoul was ſad for Connal. Was he not young and lovely; like the beam of the ſetting ſun? Ullin ſaw the virgin's

tear, and took the ſoftly-trembling harp: the ſong was lovely, but ſad, and ſilence was in Carric-thura.

Autumn is dark on the mountains; gray miſt reſts on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree ſtands alone on the hill, and marks the ſlumbering Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and ſtrew the grave of the dead. At times are ſeen here the ghoſts of the deceaſed, when the muſing hunter alone ſtalks ſlowly over the heath.

Who can reach the ſource of thy race, O Connal? and who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who ſhall ſupply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Bloody are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didſt fall. Thine arm was like a ſtorm; thy ſword a beam of the ſky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a ſtorm was thy voice, in the battles of thy ſteel. Warriors fell by thy ſword, as the thiſtle by the ſtaff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on, like a cloud

of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright roſe their ſwords on each ſide; dire was the clang of their ſteel.

The daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora bright in the armour of man; her yellow hair is looſe behind, her bow is in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much-beloved. She drew the ſtring on Dargo; but erring pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What ſhall she do, hapleſs maid!—He bleeds; her Connal dies. All the night long she cries, and all the day, O Connal, my love; and my friend! With grief the ſad mourner dies.

Earth here incloſes the lovelieſt pair on the hill. The graſs grows between the ſtones of the tomb; I often ſit in the mournful shade. The wind ſighs through the graſs; their memory rushes on my mind. Undiſturbed you now ſleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you reſt alone.

And ſoft be your reſt, ſaid Utha, children of ſtreamy Lotha. I will remember you with tears, and my ſecret ſong ſhall riſe; when the wind is in the groves of Tora, and the ſtream is roaring near. Then ſhall ye come on my ſoul, with all your lovely grief.

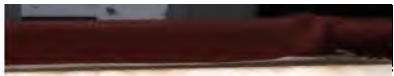
Three

Three days feaſted the kings: on the fourth their white ſails aroſe. The winds of the north carry the ſhip of Fingal to Morven's woody land. — But the ſpirit of Loda ſat, in his cloud, behind the ſhips of Frothal. He hung forward with all his blaſts, and ſpread the white-boſomed ſails. — The wounds of his form were not forgot; he ſtill feared (1) the hand of the king.

(1) The ſtory of Fingal and the ſpirit of Loda, ſuppoſed to be the famous Odin, is the moſt extravagant fiction in all Oſſian's poems. It is not, however, without precedents in the beſt poets; and it muſt be ſaid for Oſſian, that he ſays nothing but what perfectly agreed with the notions of the times, concerning ghoſts. They thought the ſouls of the dead were material, and conſequently ſuſceptible of pain. Whether a proof could be drawn from this paſſage, that Oſſian had no notion of a divinity, I ſhall leave to others to determine: it appears, however, that he was of opinion, that ſuperior beings ought to take no notice of what paſſed among men.

THE

SONGS of SELMA.



THE

SONGS of SELMA (1).

STAR of the deſcending night! fair is thy light in the weſt! thou liſteſt thy unſhorn head from thy cloud: thy ſteps are ſtately on the hill. What doſt thou behold in the plain? The ſtormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the diſtant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and

(1) This poem fixes the antiquity of a cuſtom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feaſt, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and ſuch of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preſerved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them tranſmitted to poſterity. ——It was one of thoſe occaſions that afforded the ſubject of the preſent poem to Oſſian. —— It is called in the original, The Songs of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the tranſlation.

The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of verſification. The addreſs to the evening ſtar, with which it opens, has, in the original, all the harmony that numbers could give it; flowing down with all that tranquillity and ſoftneſs, which the ſcene deſcribed naturally inſpires. —— Three of the ſongs wich are introduced in this piece, were published among the fragments of ancient poetry, printed laſt year.

the hum of their courſe is on the field. What doſt thou behold, fair light? But thou doſt ſmile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewel, thou ſilent beam!—Let the light of Oſſian's ſoul ariſe.

And it does ariſe in its ſtrength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days that are paſt. —Fingal comes like a watry column of miſt; his heroes are around. And ſee the bards of the ſong, gray-haired Ullin; ſtately Ryno; Alpin (1), with the tuneful voice, and the ſoft complaint of Minona!— How are ye changed, my friends, ſince the days of Selma's feaſt! when we contended, like the gales of the ſpring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly-whiſtling graſs.

Minona then came forth in her beauty; with down-caſt look and tearful eye; her hair flew ſlowly on the blaſt that rushed un-

(1) Alpin is from the ſame root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain; Alp, *high* in *land*, or *country*. The preſent name of our iſland has its origin in the Celtic tongue; ſo that thoſe who derived it from any other, betrayed their ignorance of the ancient language of our country.——*Britain* comes from *Breac't in*, *variegated iſland*, ſo called from the face of the country, from the natives painting themſelves, or from their party-coloured cloaths.

frequent from the hill.—The ſouls of the heroes were ſad when ſhe raiſed the tuneful voice; for often had they ſeen the grave of Salgar (1), and the dark dwelling of white-boſomed Colma (2). Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of muſic! Salgar promiſed to come; but the night deſcended round. — Hear the voice of Colma, when ſhe ſat alone on the hill!

COLMA.

It is night; — I am alone, forlorn on the hill of ſtorms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent ſhrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Riſe, moon! from behind thy clouds; ſtars of the night appear! Lead me, ſome light, to the place where my love reſts from the toil of the chace! his bow near him, unſtrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I muſt ſit alone, by the rock of the moſſy ſtream. The ſtream and the wind roar; nor can I hear the voice of my love.

Why delays my Salgar, why the ſon of

(1) Scalg-'er, *a hunter.*

(2) Cul-math, *a woman with fine hair.*

the hill, his promiſe? Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring ſtream. Thou didſt promiſe with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly my father; with thee, my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, O Salgar.

Ceaſe a little while, O wind! ſtream, be thou ſilent a while! let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Salgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock, Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayeſt thou thy coming?

Lo! the moon appeareth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I ſee him not on the brow; his dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I muſt ſit alone.

But who are theſe that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother? —Speak to me, O my friends! they anſwer not. My ſoul is tormented with fears.—Ah! they are dead. Their ſwords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why haſt thou ſlain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! haſt thou ſlain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what ſhall I ſay in your praiſe? Thou wert fair on the hill among thouſands; he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear

my voice, ſons of my love! But alas! they are ſilent; ſilent for ever! Cold are their breaſts of clay!

Oh! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the windy mountain, ſpeak ye ghoſts of the dead! ſpeak, I will not be afraid. —Whither are ye gone to reſt? In what cave of the hill ſhall I find you? No feeble voice is on the wind: no anſwer half-drowned in the ſtorms of the hill.

I ſit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead; but cloſe it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why ſhould I ſtay behind? Here ſhall I reſt with my friends, by the ſtream of the ſounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the wind is on the heath; my ghoſt ſhall ſtand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter ſhall hear from his booth. He ſhall fear, but love, my voice. For ſweet ſhall my voice be for my friends; for pleaſant were they both to me.

Such was thy ſong, Minona, ſoftly-blushing maid of Torman. Our tears deſcended for Colma, and our ſouls were ſad.—Ullin came with the harp, and gave the ſong of Alpin.—The voice of Alpin was pleaſant: the ſoul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they

had reſted in the narrow houſe : and their voice was not heard in Selma.— Ullin had returned one day from the chace, before the heroes fell. He heard their ſtrife on the hill; their ſong was ſoft, but ſad. They mourned the fall of Morar, firſt of mortal men. His ſoul was like the ſoul of Fingal; his ſword like the ſword of Oſcar.—But he fell, and his father mourned : his ſiſter's eyes were full of tears. — Minona's eyes were full of tears, the ſiſter of car-borne Morar. She retired from the ſong of Ullin, like the moon in the weſt, when ſhe foreſees the ſhower, and hides her fair head in a cloud.—I touched the harp, with Ullin; the ſong of mourning roſe.

RYNO.

The wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconſtant ſun. Red through the ſtony vale comes down the ſtream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O ſtream! but more ſweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the ſon of ſong, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou ſon of ſong, why alone on the ſilent hill? why complaineſt thou, as a blaſt in the wood; as a wave on the lonely ſhore?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice, for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the ſons of the plain. But thou ſhalt fall like Morar (1); and the mourner ſhall ſit on thy tomb. The hills ſhall know thee no more; thy bow ſhall lie in the hall, unſtrung.

Thou wert ſwift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the ſtorm. Thy ſword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a ſtream after rain; like thunder on diſtant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were conſumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou didſt return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the ſun after rain; like the moon in the ſilence of night; calm as the breaſt of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three ſteps I compaſs thy grave, O thou who waſt ſo great before! Four ſtones, with their heads of moſs, are the only memorial of thee. A tree

(1) *Mór-ér great man.*

with ſcarce a leaf, long graſs which whiſtles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou haſt no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is ſhe that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his ſtaff is this? who is this, whoſe head is white with age, whoſe eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every ſtep. — It is thy father (1), O Morar! the father of no ſon but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes diſperſed. He heard of Morar's fame; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy ſon heareth thee not. Deep is the ſleep of the dead; low their pillow of duſt. No more ſhall he hear thy voice; no more ſhall he awake at thy call. When ſhall it be morn in the grave, to bid the ſlumberer awake?

Farewel, thou braveſt of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field ſhall ſee thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the ſplendor of thy ſteel. Thou haſt left no ſon. But the ſong ſhall preſerve thy name.

(1) Torman, the ſon of Carthul, lord of Lamora, one of the weſtern iſles.

Future times ſhall hear of thee; they ſhall hear of the fallen Morar.

The grief of all aroſe, but moſt the burſting ſigh of Armin (1). He remembers the death of his ſon, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor (2) was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why burſts the ſigh of Armin, he ſaid? Is there a cauſe to mourn? The ſong comes, with its muſic, to melt and pleaſe the ſoul. It is like ſoft miſt, that, riſing from a lake, pours on the ſilent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the ſun returns in his ſtrength, and the miſt is gone. Why art thou ſad, O Armin, chief of ſea-ſurrounded Gorma?

Sad! I am indeed: nor ſmall my cauſe of woe! — Carmor, thou haſt loſt no ſon; thou haſt loſt no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira faireſt maid. The boughs of thy family flourish, O Carmor! but Armin is the laſt of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! and deep thy ſleep in the tomb. — When ſhalt thou awake with thy ſongs? with all thy voice of muſic?

(1) Armin, *a hero*. He was chief or petty king of Gorma, i. e. *the blue iſland*, ſuppoſed to be one of the Hebrides.

(2) Cear-mór, *a tall dark-complexioned man*.

Riſe, winds of autumn, riſe, blow upon the dark heath! ſtreams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempeſts, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, O moon! ſhow by intervals thy pale face! bring to my mind that ſad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed.

Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura (1); white as the driven ſnow; ſweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was ſtrong, thy ſpear was ſwift in the field! thy look was like miſt on the wave; thy ſhield, a red cloud in a ſtorm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and ſought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

Erath, ſon of Odgal, repined; for his brother was ſlain by Armar. He came diſguiſed like a ſon of the ſea: fair was his skiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his ſerious brow. Faireſt of women, he ſaid, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not diſtant in the ſea, bears a tree on its ſide; red ſhines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I came to carry his love along the rolling ſea.

She went; and ſhe called on Armar.

(1) Fuar-a, *cold iſland.*

Nought anſwered, but the ſon (1) of the rock. Armar, my love! my love! why tormenteſt thou me with fear? hear, ſon of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura.

Her voice came over the ſea. Arindal my ſon deſcended from the hill; rough in the ſpoils of the chace. His arrows rattled by his ſide; his bow was in his hand: five dark gray dogs attended his ſteps. He ſaw fierce Erath on the ſhore: he ſeized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend the thongs (2) of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans.

Arindal aſcends the wave in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered ſhaft. It ſung; it ſunk in thy heart, O Arindal my ſon! for Erath the traitor thou dieddſt. The

(1) By *the ſon of the rock* the poet means the echoing back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of ſound was made by a ſpirit within the rock; and they, on that account, called it *mac-talla; the ſon who dwells in the rock.*

(2) The poet here only means that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.

oar is ſtopped at once; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood!

The boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armar plunges into the ſea, to reſcue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blaſt from the hill comes over the waves. He ſunk, and he roſe no more.

Alone, on the ſea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I ſtood on the ſhore. I ſaw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the ſide of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the graſs of the rocks. Spent with grief ſhe expired. And left thee Armin alone: gone is my ſtrength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.

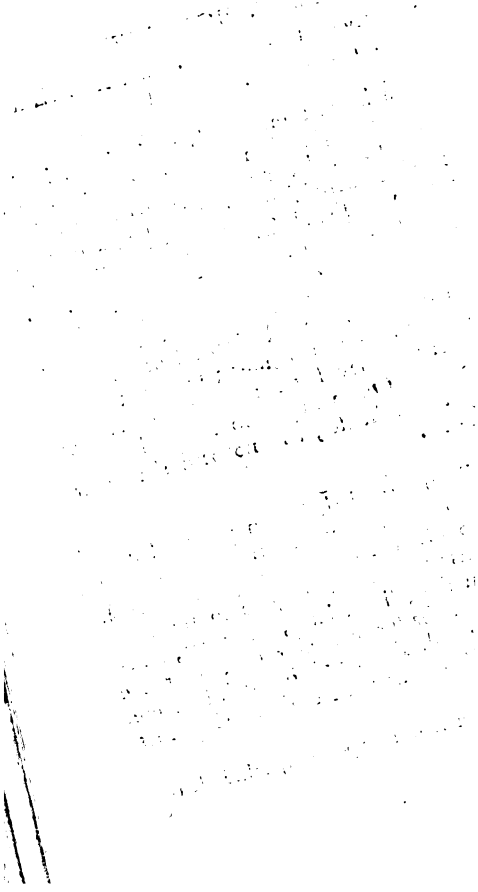
When the ſtorms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high; I ſit by the ſounding ſhore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the ſetting moon I ſee the ghoſts of my children. Half-viewleſs, they walk in mournful converſe together. Will none of you ſpeak in pity? They do

not regard their father. I am ſad, O Carmor, nor ſmall my cauſe of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of ſong; when the king heard the muſic of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely ſound. They praiſed the voice (1) of Cona! the firſt among a thouſand bards. But age is now on my tongue; and my ſoul has failed. I hear, ſometimes, the ghoſts of bards, and learn their pleaſant ſong. But memory fails in my mind; I hear the call of years. They ſay, as they paſs along, why does Oſſian ſing? Soon ſhall he lie in the narrow houſe, and no bard ſhall raiſe his fame.

Roll on, ye dark-brown years, for ye bring no joy on your courſe. Let the tomb open to Oſſian, for his ſtrength has failed. The ſons of ſong are gone to reſt: my voice remains, like a blaſt, that roars, lonely, on a ſea-ſurrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moſs whiſtles there, and the diſtant mariner ſees the waving trees.

(1) Oſſian is ſometimes poetically called *the voice of Cona.*



CALTHON AND COLMAL: A POEM.

CALTHON AND COLMAL:

A POEM. (1)

PLEASANT is the voice of thy ſong, thou lonely dweller of the rock. It comes on

(1) This piece, as many more of Oſſian's compoſitions, is addreſſed to one of the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries.——The ſtory of the poem is handed down, by tradition, thus.——In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Dunthalmo, lord of Teutha, ſuppoſed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde.——Rathmor was not more renowned for his generoſity and hoſpitality, than Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition.——Dunthalmo, through envy, or on account of ſome private feuds, which ſubſiſted between the families, murdered Rathmor at a feaſt; but being afterwards touched with remorſe, he educated the two ſons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own houſe.——They growing up to man's eſtate, dropped ſome hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Dunthalmo ſhut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately.——Col-

the ſound of the ſtream, along the narrow vale. My ſoul awakes, O ſtranger! in the midſt of my hall. I ſtretch my hand to the ſpear, as in the days of other years. — I ſtretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the ſigh of my boſom grows. — Wilt thou not liſten, ſon of the rock, to the ſong of Oſſian? My ſoul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the ſun (1) appears

mal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was ſecretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his eſcape from priſon, and fled with him to Fingal, diſguiſed in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid againſt Dunthalmo. — Fingal ſent Oſſian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief. — Dunthalmo having previouſly murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Oſſian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calchon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Oſſian returned to Morven.

(1) If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
MILTON.

——The fair ſun ſhine in ſummer's day;
——When a dreadful ſtorm away is flit
Through the broad world doth ſpread his goodly ray;

in the weſt, after the ſteps of his brightneſs have moved behind a ſtorm; the green hills lift their dewy heads: the blue ſtreams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on: his ſtaff, and his grey hair glitters in the beam.

Doſt thou not behold, ſon of the rock, a ſhield in Oſſian's hall? It is marked with the ſtrokes of battle; and the brightneſs of its boſſes has failed. That ſhield the great Dunthalmo bore, the chief of ſtreamy Teutha.—Dunthalmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Oſſian's ſpear. Liſten, ſon of the rock, to the tale of other years.—

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never cloſed; his feaſt was always ſpread. The ſons of the ſtranger came, and bleſſed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raiſed the ſong, and touched the harp: and joy brightened on the face of the mournful.—Dunthalmo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame: the rage of Dunthalmo

At ſight whereof each bird that ſits on ſpray,
And every beaſt that to his den was fled,
Come forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.

SPENCER.

roſe. — He came, by night, with his warriors; and the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feaſt was often ſpread for ſtrangers. —

Colmar and Calthon were young, the ſons of car-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They behold him in his blood, and their burſting tears deſcend. — The ſoul of Dunthalmo melted, when he ſaw the children of youth; he brought them to Alteutha's (1) walls; they grew in the houſe of their foe. — They bent the bow in his preſence; and came forth to his battles.

They ſaw the fallen walls of their fathers; they ſaw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears deſcended in ſecret; and, at times, their faces were mournful. Dunthalmo beheld their grief: his darkening ſoul deſigned their death. He cloſed them in two caves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The ſun did not come there with his beams; nor the moon of heaven by night. The ſons of Rathmor remained in darkneſs, and foreſaw their death.

(1) Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, *the town of Tweed*, the name of Dunthalmo's ſeat. It is obſervable that all the names in this poem, are derived from the Galic language; which, as I have remarked in a preceding note, is a proof that it was once the univerſal language of the whole iſland.

The

The daughter of Dunthalmo wept in ſilence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal (1). Her eye had rolled in ſecret on Calthon; his lovelineſs ſwelled in her ſoul. She trembled for her warrior; but what could Colmal do? Her arm could not lift the ſpear; nor was the ſword formed for her ſide. Her white breaſt never roſe beneath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror of heroes. What canſt thou do, O Colmal! for the falling chief? — Her ſteps are unequal; her hair is looſe: her eye looks wildly through her tears.— She came, by night, to the hall (2); and armed her lovely form in ſteel; the ſteel of a young warrior, who fell in the firſt of his battles.— She came to the cave of Calthon, and looſed the thong from his hands.

Ariſe, ſon of Rathmor, she ſaid, ariſe, the night is dark. Let us fly to the king of

(1) Caol-mhal, *a woman with ſmall eye-brows*; ſmall eye-brows were a diſtinguishing part of beauty in Oſſian's time: and he ſeldom fails to give them to the fine women of his poems.

(2) That is, the hall where the arms taken from enemies were hung up as trophies. Oſſian is very careful to make his ſtories probable; for he makes Colmal put on the arms of a youth killed in his firſt battle, as more proper for a young woman, who cannot be ſuppoſed ſtrong enough to carry the armour of a full-grown warrior.

Selma (1), chief of fallen Clutha! I am the ſon of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father's hall. I heard of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my ſoul aroſe. Ariſe, ſon of Rathmor, for the night is dark.—

Bleſt voice! replied the chief, comeſt thou from the darkly-rolling clouds? for often the ghoſts of his fathers deſcend to Calthon's dreams, ſince the ſun has retired from his eyes, and darkneſs has dwelt around him. Or art thou the ſon of Lamgal, the chief I often ſaw in Clutha? But ſhall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low? Shall I fly to Morven, and the hero cloſed in night? No: give me that ſpear, ſon of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother.

A thouſand warriors, replied the maid, ſtretch their ſpears round car-borne Colmar. What can Calthon do againſt a hoſt ſo great? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with battle. His arm is ſtretched forth to the unhappy; the lightning of his ſword is round the weak.—Ariſe, thou ſon of Rathmor; the ſhades of night will fly away. Dunthalmo will behold thy ſteps on the field, and thou muſt fall in thy youth.

The ſighing hero roſe; his tears deſcend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the

(1) Fingal.

maid to Selma's hall; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet cover'd her lovely face; and her breaſt roſe beneath the ſteel. Fingal returned from the chace, and found the lovely ſtrangers. They were like two beams of light, in the midſt of the hall.

The king heard the tale of grief; and turned his eyes around. A thouſand heroes half-roſe before him; claiming the war of Teutha.—I came with my ſpear from the hill, and the joy of battle roſe in my breaſt: for the king ſpoke to Oſſian in the midſt of the people.

Son of my ſtrength, he ſaid, take the ſpear of Fingal; go to Teutha's mighty ſtream, and ſave the car-borne Colmar.—Let thy fame return before thee like a pleaſant gale; that my ſoul may rejoice over my ſon, who renews the renown of our fathers.—Oſſian! be thou a ſtorm in battle; but mild when the foes are low!—It was thus my fame aroſe, O my ſon; and be thou like Selma's chief.—When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is ſtretched forth to the unhappy. My ſword defends the weak.

I rejoiced in the words of the king: and took my rattling arms.—Diaran (1) roſe at

(1) Diaran, father of that Connal who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his miſtreſs.

my ſide, and Dargo (1) king of ſpears. — Three hundred youths followed our ſteps:

(2) Dargo, the ſon of Collath, is celebrated in other poems by Oſſian. He is ſaid to have been killed by a boar at a hunting party. The lamentation of his miſtreſs, or wife, Mingala, over his body, is extant; but whether it is of Oſſian's compoſition, I cannot determine. It is generally aſcribed to him, and has much of his manner; but ſome traditions mention it as an imitation by ſome later bard.——As it has ſome poetical merit, I have ſubjoined it.

THE ſpouſe of Dargo came in tears: for Dargo was no more! The heroes ſigh over Lartho's chief: and what ſhall ſad Mingala do? The dark ſoul vaniſhed like morning miſt, before the king of ſpears: but the generous glowed in his preſence like the morning ſtar.

Who was the faireſt and moſt lovely? Who but Collath's ſtately ſon? Who ſat in the midſt of the wiſe, but Dargo of the mighty deeds?

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was ſoft as ſummer-winds.——Ah me! what ſhall the heroes ſay? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the lovely-cheek; the look of which was firm in danger!——Why haſt thou failed on our hills, thou fairer than the beams of the ſun?

the lovely ſtrangers were at my ſide. Dunthalmo heard the ſound of our approach; he gathered the ſtrength of Teutha.—He ſtood on a hill with his hoſt; they were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are ſinged and bare, and the ſtreams of their chinks have failed.

The ſtream of Teutha rolled, in its pride; before the gloomy foe. I ſent a bard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain; but he ſmiled in the darkneſs of his pride.—His unſettled hoſt moved on the hill; like the mountain-cloud, when the blaſt has

The daughter of Adonſion was lovely in the eyes of the valiant; ſhe was lovely in their eyes, but ſhe choſe to be the ſpouſe of Dargo.

But thou art alone, Mingala! the night is coming with its clouds; where is the bed of thy repoſe? Where but in the tomb of Dargo?

Why doſt thou lift the ſtone, O bard! why doſt thou ſhut the narrow houſe? Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard! She muſt ſleep with Dargo.

Laſt night I heard the ſong of joy in Lartho's ofty hall. But ſilence now dwells around my bed. Mingala reſts with Dargo.

entered its womb, and ſcatters the curling gloom on every ſide.

They brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thouſand thongs. The chief is ſad, but lovely, and his eye is on his friends; for we ſtood, in our arms, on the oppoſite bank of Teutha. Dunthalmo came with his ſpear, and pierced the hero's ſide: he rolled on the bank in his blood, and we heard his broken ſighs.

Calthon rushed into the ſtream: I bounded forward on my ſpear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo reſted on a rock, amidſt an aged wood. The rage of his boſom burned againſt the car-borne Calthon. —But Calthon ſtood in his grief; he mourned the fallen Colmar; Colmar ſlain in youth, before his fame aroſe.

I bade the ſong of woe to riſe, to ſooth the mournful chief; but he ſtood beneath a tree, and often threw his ſpear on earth. —The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a ſecret tear: ſhe foreſaw the fall of Dunthalmo, or of Clutha's battling chief.

Now half the night had paſſed away. Silence and darkneſs were on the field; ſleep reſted on the eyes of the heroes: Calthon's ſettling ſoul was ſtill. His eyes were half-

cloſed; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear.—Pale, and ſhewing his wounds, the ghoſt of Colmar came: he bended his head over the hero, and raiſed his feeble voice.

Sleeps the ſon of Rathmor in his might; and his brother low? Did we not riſe to the chace together, and purſue the dark-brown hinds? Colmar was not forgot till he fell; till death had blaſted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon riſe! the morning comes with its beams; and Dunthalmo will diſhonour the fallen.

He paſſed away in his blaſt. The riſing Calthon ſaw the ſteps of his departure.—He ruſhed in the ſound of his ſteel; and unhappy Colmal roſe. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her ſpear behind.—But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother.—The rage of his boſom roſe, and he ruſhed among the foe. The groans of death aſcend. They cloſe around the chief.—He is bound in the midſt, and brought to gloomy Dunthalmo. — The ſhout of joy aroſe; and the hills of night replied.—

I ſtarted at the ſound: and took my father's ſpear. Diaran roſe at my ſide; and the

youthful ſtrength of Dargo. We miſſed the chief of Clutha, and our ſouls were ſad.—I dreaded the departure of my fame; the pride of my valour roſe.

Sons of Morven, I ſaid, it is not thus our fathers fought. They reſted not on the field of ſtrangers, when the foe did not fall before them.—Their ſtrength was like the eagles of heaven; their renown is in the ſong. But our people fall by degrees, and our fame begins to depart.—What ſhall the king of Morven ſay, if Oſſian conquers not at Teutha? Riſe in your ſteel, ye warriors, and follow the ſound of Oſſian's courſe. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma.

Morning roſe on the blue waters of Teutha; Colmal ſtood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: and thrice the ſpear fell from her hand. My wrath turned againſt the ſtranger; for my ſoul trembled for Calthon.

Son of the feeble hand, I ſaid, do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the ſigh in the ſoul of war.—Go to the deer of Carmun, or the lowing herds of Teutha.—But leave theſe arms, thou ſon of fear; a warrior may lift them in battle.—

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her ſnowy breaſt appeared. She bent her red face to the ground.—I looked in ſilence to the chiefs. The ſpear fell from my hand; and the ſigh of my boſom roſe.—But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears deſcended. I bleſſed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move.

Why, ſon of the rock, ſhould Oſſian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land; and their tombs are not found on the heath.—Years came on with their tempeſts; and the green mounds mouldered away.—Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo ſeen, or the place where he fell by the ſpear of Oſſian.—Some gray warrior, half blind with age, ſitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my actions to his ſons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth bend ſidelong towards his voice; ſurprize and joy burn in their eyes.—

I found the ſon (1) of Rathmor bound to an oak; my ſword cut the thongs from his hands. And I gave him the white-boſomed Colmal.—They dwelt in the halls of Teutha; and Oſſian returned to Selma.

(1) Calthon.

LATHMON:

A POEM.

LATHMON(1):

A POEM.

SELMA, thy halls are ſilent. There is no ſound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coaſt. The ſilent beam of the ſun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the ſhower; they look towards green Ullin for the white ſails of the king. He had promiſed to return, but the winds of the north aroſe.

Who pours from the eaſtern hill, like a ſtream of darkneſs? It is the hoſt of Lathmon. He has heard of the abſence of Fingal. He truſts in the wind of the north. His ſoul

(1) Lathmon a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's abſence in Ireland, made a deſcent on Morven, and advanced within ſight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was ſurpriſed by night, and himſelf taken priſoner by Oſſian and Gaul the ſon of Morni. This exploit of Gaul and Oſſian bears a near reſemblance to the beautiful epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus in Virgil's ninth Æneid. The poem opens, with the firſt appearance of Fingal on the coaſt of Morven, and ends, it may be ſuppoſed, about noon the next day. The firſt paragraph is in a lyric meaſure, and appears to have been ſung, of old, to the harp, as a prelude to the narrative part of the poem, which is in heroic verſe.

1

brightens with joy. Why doſt thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comeſt thou with thy forward ſpear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But ſtop, O mighty ſtream, in thy courſe! Does not Lathmon behold theſe ſails? Why doſt thou vaniſh, Lathmon, like the miſt of the lake? But the ſqually ſtorm is behind thee; Fingal purſues thy ſteps!

The king of Morven ſtarted from ſleep, as we rolled on the dark-blue wave. He ſtretched his hand to his ſpear, and his heroes roſe around. We knew that he had ſeen his fathers, for they often deſcended to his dreams, when the ſword of the foe roſe over the land; and the battle darkened before us.

Whither haſt thou fled, O wind, ſaid the king of Morven? Doſt thou ruſtle in the chambers of the ſouth, and purſue the ſhower in other lands? Why doſt thou not come to my ſails? to the blue face of my ſeas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is abſent. But let each bind on his mail, and each aſſume his ſhield. Stretch every ſpear over the wave; let every ſword be unſheathed. Lathmon (1) is before us with his hoſt: he

(1) It is ſaid, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invaſion, that occaſion-

that fled (1) from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected ſtream, and his roar is between our hills.

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Oſſian aſcended the hill; and thrice ſtruck his boſſy ſhield. The rock of Morven replied; and the bounding roes came forth. The foes were troubled in my preſence: and collected their darkened hoſt; for I ſtood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni (2) ſat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon (3): his locks of age are

ed Fingal's return from Ireland; though Oſſian, more poetically, aſcribes the cauſe of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

(1) He alludes to a battle wherein Fingal had defeated Lathmon. The occaſion of this firſt war, between thoſe heroes, is told by Oſſian in another poem, which the tranſlator has ſeen.

(2) Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the days of Fingal and his father Comhal. The laſt mentioned hero was killed in battle againſt Morni's tribe; but the valour and conduct of Fingal reduced them, at laſt, to obedience. We find the two heroes perfectly reconciled in this poem.

(3) Stru'-moné, *ſtream of the hill.* Here the proper name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma.

gray: he leans forward on his ſtaff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his youth. Often did he riſe, in the fire of his ſoul, at the mighty deeds of Morni.

The aged heard the ſound of Oſſian's ſhield: he knew the ſign of battle. He ſtarted at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembers the actions of other years. My ſon, he ſaid to fair-haired Gaul, I hear the ſound of battle. The king of Morven is returned, the ſign of war is heard. Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring his arms to Morni. Bring the arms which my father wore in his age, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, O Gaul; and rush to the firſt of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy courſe in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why ſhouldſt thou fear death, my ſon! the valiant fall with fame; their ſhields turn the dark ſtream of danger away, and renown dwells on their gray hairs. Doſt thou not ſee, O Gaul, how the ſteps of my age are honoured? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with reverence, and turn their eyes, with ſilent joy, on his courſe. But I never fled from danger, my ſon! my ſword lightened through the darkneſs of battle. The ſtranger melted before me; the mighty were blaſted in my preſence.

Gaul brought the arms to Morni : the aged warrior covered himſelf with ſteel. He took the ſpear in his hand, which was often ſtained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his ſon attended his ſteps. The ſon of Comhal rejoiced over the warrior, when he came in the locks of his age.

King of the roaring Strumon ! ſaid the riſing joy of Fingal ; do I behold thee in arms, after thy ſtrength has failed ? Often has Morni ſhone in battles, like the beam of the riſing ſun ; when he diſperſes the ſtorms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didſt thou not reſt in thine age ? Thy renown is in the ſong. The people behold thee, and bleſs the departure of mighty Morni. Why didſt thou not reſt in thine age ? For the foe will vanish before Fingal.

Son of Comhal, replied the chief, the ſtrength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the ſword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the ſpear, but it falls short of the mark ; and I feel the weight of my ſhield. We decay, like the graſs of the mountain, and our ſtrength returns no more. I have a ſon, O Fingal, his ſoul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth ; but his ſword has not been lifted

againſt the foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle; to direct his arm. His renown will be a ſun to my ſoul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only ſay, « Behold the father of Gaul! »

King of Strumon, Fingal replied, Gaul ſhall lift the ſword in battle. But he ſhall lift it before Fingal; my arm ſhall defend his youth. But reſt thou in the halls of Selma; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be ſtrung; and the voice of the bard ariſe, that thoſe who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the ſoul of Morny brighten with gladneſs.—Oſſian! thou haſt fought in battles: the blood of ſtrangers is on thy ſpear: let thy courſe be with Gaul in the ſtrife; but depart not from the ſide of Fingal; leſt the foe find you alone; and your fame fail at once.

I ſaw (1) Gaul in his arms, and my ſoul was mixed with his: for the fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with

(1) Oſſian ſpeaks. The contraſt between the old and young heroes is ſtrongly marked. The circumſtance of the latter's drawing their ſwords is well imagined, and agrees with the impatience of young ſoldiers, juſt entered upon action.

joy. We ſpoke the words of friendship in ſecret; and the lightning of our ſwords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the ſtrength of our arms on the empty air.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal ſat at the beam of the oak. Morni ſat by his ſide with all his gray waving locks. Their diſcourſe is of other times, and the actions of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp; and Ullin was near with his ſong. He ſung of the mighty Comhal; but darkneſs gathered (1) on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin; and the ſong of the bard ceaſed. Fingal obſerved the aged hero, and mildly ſpoke.

Chief of Strumon, why that darkneſs? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in battle; but we meet together, at the feaſt. Our ſwords are turned on the foes, and they melt before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, king of moſſy Strumon.

(1) Ullin had choſen ill the ſubject of his ſong. The *darkneſs which gathered on Morni's brow*, did not proceed from any diſlike he had to Comhal's name, though they were foes, but from his fear that the ſong would awaken Fingal to remembrance of the feuds which had ſubſiſted of old between the families. Fingal's ſpeech on this occaſion abounds with generoſity and good ſenſe.

King of Morven, replied the chief, I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage (1) of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have paſſed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not ſhun the battle; neither did I fly from the ſtrife of the valiant.

Now let the friends of Fingal reſt; for the night is around; that they may riſe, with ſtrength, to battle againſt car-borne Lathmon. I hear the ſound of his hoſt, like thunder heard on a diſtant heath. Oſſian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are ſwift in the race. Obſerve the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to ſhield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail.

We heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clang of our arms. Our ſteps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its ſtars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The diſtant noiſe of the foe

(1) This expreſſion is ambiguous in the original. It either ſignifies that Comhal killed many in battle, or that he was implacable in his reſentment. The tranſlator has endeavoured to preſerve the ſame ambiguity in the verſion; as it was probably deſigned by the poet.

reached our ears. It was then Gaul ſpoke, in his valour; his hand half-unſheathed the ſword.

Son of Fingal, he ſaid, why burns the ſoul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My ſteps are diſordered; and my hand trembles on my ſword. When I look towards the foe, my ſoul lightens before me, and I ſee their ſleeping hoſt. Tremble thus the ſouls of the valiant in battles of the ſpear?—How would the ſoul of Morni riſe if we ſhould rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in the ſong; and our ſteps be ſtately in the eyes of the brave.

Son of Morni, I replied, my ſoul delights in battle. I delight to ſhine in battle alone, and to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe ſhould prevail; ſhall I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his diſpleaſure, and like the flames of death.—But I will not behold them in his wrath. Oſſian ſhall prevail or fall. But ſhall the fame of the vanquiſhed riſe?—They paſs away like a ſhadow. But the fame of Oſſian ſhall riſe. His deeds ſhall be like his fathers. Let us rush in our arms; ſon of Morni, let us rush to battle. Gaul! if thou ſhalt return, go to Selma's lofty wall. Tell to Evirallin (1) that

(1) Oſſian had married her a little time before.

I fell with fame; carry this ſword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oſcar, when the years of his youth ſhall ariſe.

Son of Fingal, Gaul replied with a ſigh; ſhall I return after Oſſian is low! — What would my father ſay, and Fingal king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and ſay, « Behold the mighty Gaul who left « his friend in his blood! » Ye ſhall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midſt of my renown. Oſſian! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the ſoul increaſes in danger.

Son of Morni, I replied and ſtrode before him on the heath, our fathers ſhall praiſe our valour, when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladneſs ſhall riſe on their ſouls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will ſay, « Our ſons have not fallen like the graſs « of the field, for they ſpread death around « them. » — But why ſhould we think of the narrow houſe? The ſword defends the valiant. But death purſues the flight of the feeble; and their renown is not heard.

We rushed forward through night; and

The ſtory of his courtſhip of this lady is introduced, as an epiſode, in the fourth book of Fingal.

came to the roar of a ſtream which bent its blue courſe round the foe, through trees that echoed to its noiſe; we came to the bank of the ſtream, and ſaw the ſleeping hoſt. Their fires were decayed on the plain; and the lonely ſteps of their ſcouts were diſtant far. I ſtretched my ſpear before me to ſupport my ſteps over the ſtream. But Gaul took my hand, and ſpoke the words of the valiant.

Shall (1) the ſon of Fingal rush on a ſleeping foe? Shall he come like a blaſt by night when it over-turns the young trees in ſecret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like theſe. Strike, Oſſian, ſtrike the ſhield of battle, and let their thouſands riſe. Let them meet Gaul in his firſt battle, that he may try the ſtrength of his arm.

(1) This propoſal of Gaul is much more noble, and more agreeable to true heroiſm, than the behaviour of Ulyſſes and Diomed in the Iliad, or that of Niſus and Eurÿalus in the Æneid. What his valour and generoſity ſuggeſted became the foundation of his ſucceſs. For the enemy being diſmayed with the ſound of Oſſian's ſhield, which was the common ſignal of battle, thought that Fingal's whole army came to attack them; ſo that they fly in reality from an army, not from two heroes; which reconciles the ſtory to probability.

My ſoul rejoiced over the warrior, and my burſting tears deſcended. And the ſon of Morni ſhall meet Gaul, I ſaid: the fame of my fathers ſhall ariſe. But rush not too far, my friend; let the gleam of thy ſteel be near to Oſſian. Let our hands join in ſlaughter.—Gaul! doſt thou not behold that rock? Its gray ſide dimly gleams to the ſtars. If the foe ſhall prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then ſhall they fear to approach our ſpears; for death is in our hands.

I ſtruck thrice my echoing ſhield. The ſtarting foe aroſe. We rushed on in the ſound of our arms. Their crowded ſteps fly over the heath; for they thought that the mighty Fingal came; and the ſtrength of their arms withered away. The ſound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blaſted groves.

It was then the ſpear of Gaul flew in its ſtrength: it was then his ſword aroſe. Cremor fell, and mighty Leth. Dunthormo ſtruggled in his blood. The ſteel rushed through Crotha's ſide, as bent, he roſe on his ſpear; the black ſtream poured from the wound, hiſſed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin ſaw the ſteps of the hero behind him, and aſcended a blaſted tree; but the ſpear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moſs and withered branches purſue his fall, and ſtrew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such

Such were thy deeds, ſon of Morni, in the firſt of thy battles. Nor ſlept the ſword by thy ſide, thou laſt of Fingal's race! Oſſian rushed forward in his ſtrength, and the people fell before him, as the graſs by the ſtaff of the boy, when he whiſtles along the field, and the gray beard of the thiſtle falls. But careleſs the youth moves on; his ſteps are towards the deſart.

Gray morning roſe around us, the winding ſtreams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon roſe. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is ſilent in his riſing grief. He often ſtruck his boſſy ſhield; and his ſteps are unequal on the heath. I ſaw the diſtant darkneſs of the hero, and I ſpoke to Morni's ſon.

Car-borne (1) chief of Strumon, doſt thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our ſteps be towards the king (2). He ſhall riſe in his ſtrength, and the hoſt of Lathmon vaniſh. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged (3)

(1) Car-borne is a title of honour beſtowed, by Oſſian, indiſcriminately on every hero; as every chief, in his time, kept a chariot or litter by way of ſtate.

(2) Fingal.

(3) Fingal and Morni.

will rejoice. But let us fly, ſon of Morni. Lathmon deſcends the hill.

Then let our ſteps (1) be ſlow, replied the fair-haired Gaul; leſt the foe ſay, with a ſmile, « Behold the warriors of night, « they are, like ghoſts, terrible in darkneſs, « but they melt away before the beam of the « eaſt. » Oſſian, take the shield of Gormar who fell beneath thy ſpear, that the aged heroes may rejoice, when they shall behold the actions of their ſons.

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath (2) came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath chief of Dutha, at the dark-rolling ſtream of Duvranna (3). Why doſt thou not

(1) The behaviour of Gaul, throughout this poem, is that of a hero in the moſt exalted ſenſe. The modeſty of Oſſian, concerning his own actions, is not leſs remarkable than his impartiality with regard to Gaul; for it is well known that Gaul afterwards rebelled againſt Fingal, which might be ſuppoſed to have bred prejudices againſt him in the breaſt of Oſſian. But as Gaul, from an enemy, became Fingal's firmeſt friend and greateſt hero, the poet paſſes over one ſlip in his conduct, on account of his many virtues.

(2) Suil-mhath, *a man of good eye-ſight.*

(3) Dubh-bhranna, *dark mountain-ſtream.* What river went by this name, in the days of Oſſian, is not eaſily aſcertained, at this diſtance of time. A river in Scotland, which falls into the ſea

rush, ſon of Nuath, with a thouſand of thy heroes? Why doſt thou not deſcend with thy hoſt, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the riſing light, and their ſteps are before us on the heath.

Son of the feeble hand, ſaid Lathmon, ſhall my hoſt deſcend! They (1) are but two, ſon of Dutha, and ſhall a thouſand lift their ſteel! Nuath would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread

at Banff, ſtill retains the name of Duvtan. If that is meant, by Oſſian, in this paſſage, Lathmon muſt have been a prince of the Pictiſh nation, or thoſe Caledonians who inhabited of old the eaſtern coaſt of Scotland.

(1) Oſſian ſeldom fails to give his heroes, though enemies, that generoſity of temper which, it appears from his poems, was a conſpicuous part of his own character. Thoſe who too much deſpiſe their enemies do not reflect, that the more they take from the valour of their foes, the leſs merit they have themſelves in conquering them. The cuſtom of depreciating enemies is not altogether one of the refinements of modern heroiſm. This railing diſpoſition is one of the capital faults in Homer's characters, which, by the bye, cannot be imputed to the poet, who kept to the manners of the times of which he wrote. Milton has followed Homer in this reſpect; but railing is leſs ſhocking in infernal ſpirits, who are the objects of horror, than in heroes, who are ſet up as patterns of imitation.

of his feet approached. — Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha, for I behold the ſtately ſteps of Oſſian. His fame is worthy of my ſteel; let him fight with Lathmon.

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raiſed the ſhield on my arm; and Gaul placed in my hand the ſword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring ſtream; Lathmon came in his ſtrength. His dark hoſt rolled, like the clouds, behind him: but the ſon of Nuath was bright in his ſteel.

Son of Fingal, ſaid the hero, thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy ſpear againſt Lathmon; and lay the ſon of Nuath low. Lay him low among his people, or thou thyſelf muſt fall. It ſhall never be told in my halls that my warriors fell in my preſence; that they fell in the preſence of Lathmon when his ſword reſted by his ſide: the blue eyes of Cutha (1) would roll in tears, and her ſteps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon.

Neither ſhall it be told, I replied, that the ſon of Fingal fled. Were his ſteps covered with darkneſs, yet would not Oſſian fly; his ſoul would meet him and ſay, « Does the

(1) Cutha appears to have been Lathmon's wife or miſtreſs.

« bard of Selma fear the foe? » No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midſt of battle.

Lathmon came on with his ſpear, and pierced the shield of Oſſian. I felt the cold ſteel at my ſide; and drew the ſword of Morni: I cut the ſpear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The ſon of Nuath burnt in his wrath, and lifted high his ſounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of braſs. But Oſſian's ſpear pierced the brightneſs of its boſſes, and ſunk in a tree that roſe behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance; but Lathmon ſtill advanced. Gaul foreſaw the fall of the chief, and ſtretched his buckler before my ſword; when it deſcended, in a ſtream of light over the king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon beheld the ſon of Morni, and the tear ſtarted from his eye. He threw the ſword of his fathers on the ground, and ſpoke the words of the valiant. Why should Lathmon fight againſt the firſt of mortal men? Your ſouls are beams from heaven; your ſwords the flames of death. Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whoſe actions are ſo great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuath, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father ſay, that his ſon did

not yield to the feeble. — But who comes, a mighty ſtream, along the echoing heath? The little hills are troubled before him, and a thouſand ſpirits are on the beams of his ſteel; the ſpirits (1) of thoſe who are to fall by the arm of the king of reſounding Morven. — Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy ſons ſhall fight thy battles; they go forth before thee; and they return with the ſteps of renown.

Fingal came, in his mildneſs, rejoicing in ſecret over the actions of his ſon. Morni's face brightened with gladneſs, and his aged eyes looked faintly through the tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma, and ſat round the feaſt of ſhells. The maids of the ſong came into our preſence, and the mildly blushing Evirallin. Her dark hair ſpread on her neck of ſnow, her eye rolled in ſecret on Oſſian; she touched the harp of muſic, and we bleſſed the daughter of Branno.

Fingal roſe in his place, and ſpoke to Dunlathmon's battling king. The ſword of Trenmor trembled by his ſide, as he lifted up his mighty arm. Son of Nuath, he ſaid, why doſt thou ſearch for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; nor do our ſwords

(1) It was thought, in Oſſian's time, that each perſon had his attending ſpirit. The traditions concerning this opinion are dark and unſatisfactory.

gleam over the weak. When did we come to Duntlathmon, with the ſound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is ſtrong. My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The lightning of my ſteel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes; and the tombs of the valiant riſe; the tombs of my people riſe, O my fathers! and I at laſt muſt remain alone. But I will remain renowned, and the departure of my ſoul ſhall be one ſtream of light. Lathmon! retire to thy place. Turn thy battles to other lands. The race of Morven are renowned, and their foes are the ſons of the unhappy.

OITHONA:

A POEM.

OITHONA (1):

A POEM.

DARKNESS dwells around Dunlathmon; though the moon shews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away; for she beholds the grief that is coming.—The ſon of Morni is on the plain; but there is no ſound in the hall. No long-

(1) Gaul, the ſon of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuath, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithóna.——The lady was no leſs enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the mean time Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, ſent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promiſing to Oithóna to return, if he ſurvived the war, by a certain day.——Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuath in his wars, and Oithóna was left alone at Dunlathmon, the ſeat of the family.——Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, ſuppoſed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the abſence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithóna, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromáthon, a deſart iſland, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and ſailed to Tromáthon, to revenge

ſtreaming (1) beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithóna (2) is not heard amidſt the noiſe of the ſtreams of Duvranna.—

Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuath? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didſt promiſe to

himſelf on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithóna diſconſolate, and reſolved not to ſurvive the loſs of her honour.—She told him the ſtory of her misfortunes, and she ſcarce ended, when Dunrommath, with his followers, appeared at the further end of the iſland. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithóna to retire, till the battle was over.—She ſeemingly obeyed; but she ſecretly armed herſelf, rushed into the thickeſt of the battle, and was mortally wounded.—Gaul purſuing the flying enemy, found her juſt expiring on the field: he mourned over her, raiſed her tomb, and returned to Morven.—Thus is the ſtory handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithóna.

(1) Some gentle taper
—— viſit us
With thy long levelled rule of ſtreaming light.
MILTON.

(2) Oi-thóna, *the virgin of the wave.*

remain in the hall; thou diſt promiſe to remain in the hall till the ſon of Morni returned; till he returned from Strumon, to the maid of his love. The tear was on thy cheek at his departure: the ſigh roſe in ſecret in thy breaſt. But thou doſt not come to meet him, with ſongs, with the lightly-trembling ſound of the harp.—

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The winds were bluſtering in the hall. The trees ſtrowed the threshold with leaves; and the murmur of night was abroad. —Sad and ſilent, at a rock, the ſon of Morni ſat: his ſoul trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his courſe. The ſon (1) of Leth ſtood at a diſtance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raiſe his voice, for he ſaw the ſorrow of Gaul.

Sleep deſcended on the heroes. The viſions of night aroſe. Oithóna ſtood in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's ſon. Her dark hair was looſe and diſordered: her lovely eye rolled in tears. Blood ſtained her ſnowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breaſt.

(1) Morlo, the ſon of Leth, is one of Fingal's moſt famous heroes. He and three other men attended Gaul on his expedition to Tromáthon.

She ſtood over the chief, and her voice was heard.

Sleeps the ſon of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithóna? Sleeps Gaul at the diſtant rock, and the daughter of Nuath low? The ſea rolls round the dark iſle of Tromáthon; I ſit in my tears in the cave. Nor do I ſit alone, O Gaul: the dark chief of Cuthal is there. He is there in the rage of his love. —And what can Oithóna do?

A rougher blaſt rushed through the oak. The dream of night departed. Gaul took his aſpen ſpear; he ſtood in the rage of wrath. Often did his eyes turn to the eaſt, and accuſe the lagging light.—At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the ſail. The winds came ruſtling from the hill, and he bounded on the waves of the deep. — On the third day aroſe Tromáthon (1), like a

(1) ἐφάνη ὄρεα σκιόεντα
Γαίης Φαιήκων,——
——ὅς ὅτε μάλιστ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ πόντῳ.
HOMER. Od. v. 280.

Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's dusky coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt;

blue shield in the midſt of the ſea. The white wave roared againſt its rocks; ſad Oithóna ſat on the coaſt. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears deſcend.—But when she ſaw Gaul in his arms, she ſtarted and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her ſide.—Thrice she ſtrove to fly from his preſence; but her ſteps failed her as she went.

Daughter of Nuath, ſaid the hero, why doſt thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes ſend forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my ſoul? Thou art to me the beam of the eaſt riſing in a land unknown. But thou covereſt thy face with ſadneſs, daughter of high Dunlathmon! Is the foe of Oithóna near? My ſoul burns to meet him in battle. The ſword trembles on the ſide of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand.—Speak, daughter of Nuath, doſt thou not behold my tears?

Car-borne chief of Strumon, replied the ſighing maid, why comeſt thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuath's mournful daughter?

That lay before him indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watry waſte.

Tróm-thón, *heavy or deep-ſounding wave.*

Why did I not paſs away in ſecret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unſeen, and ſtrows its withered leaves on the blaſt? Why didſt thou come, O Gaul, to hear my departing ſigh? I paſs away in my youth; and my name ſhall not be heard. Or it will be heard with ſorrow, and the tears of Nuath will fall. Thou wilt be ſad, ſon of Morni, for the fallen fame of Oithóna. But ſhe ſhall ſleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner.—Why didſt thou come, chief of Strumon, to the ſea-beat rocks of Tromáthon?

I came to meet thy foes, daughter of carborne Nuath! the death of Cuthal's chief darkens before me; or Morni's ſon ſhall fall.—Oithóna! when Gaul is low, raiſe my tomb on that oozy rock; and when the dark-bounding ſhip ſhall paſs, call the ſons of the ſea; call them, and give this ſword, that they may carry it to Morni's hall; that the grey-haired hero may ceaſe to look towards the deſart for the return of his ſon.

And ſhall the daughter of Nuath live, ſhe replied with a burſting ſigh? Shall I live in Tromáthon, and the ſon of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my ſoul careleſs as that ſea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the ſtorm. The blaſt

which shall lay thee low, shall ſpread the branches of Oithóna on earth. We ſhall wither together, ſon of car-borne Morni! — The narrow houſe is pleaſant to me, and the gray ſtone of the dead: for never more will I leave thy rocks, ſea-ſurrounded Tromáthon! — Night (1) came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moſs-covered rock of Duthórmoth; night came on, and I ſat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the ſound of arms. Joy roſe in my face; for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired ſtrength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his ſword. They who defended Oithóna fell by the gloomy chief.—What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the ſpear. He took me in my grief, amidſt my tears he raiſed the ſail. He feared the returning ſtrength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithóna. — But behold, he comes with his people! the dark wave is divided before him! — Whither wilt thou turn thy ſteps, ſon of Morni? Many are the warriors of Dunrommath!

My ſteps never turned from battle, replied

(1) Oithóna relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

the hero, as he unſheathed his ſword; and ſhall I begin to fear, Oithóna, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuath, till our battle ceaſe. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the ſounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. Ourſelves will lift the ſpear. They are an hoſt on the rock; but our ſouls are ſtrong.

The daughter of Nuath went to the cave: a troubled joy roſe on her mind, like the red path of the lightning on a ſtormy cloud. — Her ſoul was reſolved, and the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. — Dunrommath ſlowly approached; for he ſaw the ſon of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a ſmile is on his dark-brown cheek; his red eye rolled, half-conceal'd beneath his ſhaggy brows.

Whence are the ſons of the ſea, begun the gloomy chief? Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromáthon? Or come you in ſearch of the white-handed daughter of Nuath? The ſons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath. His eye ſpares not the weak; and he delights in the blood of ſtrangers. Oithóna is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in ſecret; would thou come on its lovelineſs

like a cloud, ſon of the feeble hand! — Thou mayſt come, but ſhalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers?

Doſt thou not know me, ſaid Gaul, red-haired chief of Cuthal? Thy feet were ſwift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon; when the ſword of Morni's ſon purſued his hoſt, in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors gather behind thee. But do I fear them, ſon of pride? I am not of the race of the feeble.

Gaul advanced in his arms; Dunrommath ſhrunk behind his people. But the ſpear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his ſword lopped off his head, as it bended in death. — The ſon of Morni ſhook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven purſued them: ten fell on the moſſy rocks. The reſt lift the ſounding ſail, and bound on the echoing deep.

Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithóna. He beheld a youth leaning againſt a rock. An arrow had pierced his ſide; and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. — The ſoul of Morni's ſon is ſad, he came and ſpoke the words of peace.

Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow? I have ſearched for the herbs of the mountains; I have gathered them on the ſecret banks of their ſtreams. My hand has cloſed the wound of the valiant, and their eyes have bleſſed the ſon of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior? Were they of the ſons of the mighty? Sadneſs ſhall come, like night, on thy native ſtreams; for thou art fallen in thy youth.—

My fathers, replied the ſtranger, were of the ſons of the mighty; but they ſhall not be ſad; for my fame is departed like morning miſt. High walls riſe on the banks of Duvranna, and ſee their moſſy towers in the ſtream; a rock aſcends behind them with its bending firs. Thou mayſt behold it far diſtant. There my brother dwells. He is renowned in battle: give him this glittering helmet.

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul; for it was the wounded Oithóna. She had armed herſelf in the cave, and came in ſearch of death. Her heavy eyes are half cloſed; the blood pours from her ſide.—

Son of Morni, ſhe ſaid, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my ſoul. The eyes of Oithóna are dim. O had

I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bleſs my ſteps. But I fall in youth, ſon of Morni, and my father ſhall blush in his hall.—

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful hero raiſed her tomb.—He came to Morven; but we ſaw the darkneſs of his ſoul. Oſſian took the harp in the praiſe of Oithóna. The brightneſs of the face of Gaul returned. But his ſigh roſe, at times, in the midſt of his friends, like blaſts that ſhake their unfrequent wings, after the ſtormy winds are laid.

CROMA:

A POEM.

CROMA:

A POEM (1).

IT was the voice of my love! few are his viſits to the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, ye fathers of mighty Toſcar! Unfold the gates of your clouds; the ſteps of Malvina's departure are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of

(1) Malvina the daughter of Toſcar is over-heard by Oſſian lamenting the death of Oſcar her lover. Oſſian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, againſt Rothmar who invaded his dominions. The ſtory is delivered down thus, in tradition. Crothar king of Croma being blind with age, and his ſon too young for the field, Rothmar the chief of Tromlo reſolved to avail himſelf of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into the country ſubject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was, at the time, ſupreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindneſs, unfit for action, ſent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his ſon Oſſian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival, Fovar-gormo, the ſon of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was ſlain himſelf, and his forces totally defeated. Oſſian renewed the war, came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Oſſian returned to Scotland.

my ſoul. Why didſt thou come, O blaſt, from the dark-rolling of the lake? Thy ruſtling wing was in the trees, the dream of Malvina departed. But she beheld her love, when his robe of miſt flew on the wind; the beam of the ſun was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the ſtranger. It was the voice of my love! few are his viſits to my dreams!

But thou dwelleſt in the ſoul of Malvina, ſon of mighty Oſſian. My ſighs ariſe with the beam of the eaſt; my tears deſcend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy preſence, Oſcar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blaſt from the deſart, and laid my green head low; the ſpring returned with its showers, but no leaf of mine aroſe. The virgins ſaw me ſilent in the hall, and they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou ſad, they ſaid; thou firſt of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and ſtately in thy ſight?

Pleaſant is thy ſong in Oſſian's ear, daughter of ſtreamy Lutha! Thou haſt heard the muſic of departed bards in the dream of thy reſt, when ſleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth (1). When thou didſt

(1) Mor'-ruth, *great ſtream.*

return from the chace, in the day of the ſun, thou haſt heard the muſic of the bards, and thy ſong is lovely. It is lovely, O Malvina, but it melts the ſoul. There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breaſt of the ſad. But ſorrow waſtes the mournful, O daughter of Toſcar, and their days are few. They fall away, like the flower on which the ſun looks in his ſtrength after the mildew has paſſed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of Oſſian, O maid; he remembers the days of his youth.

The king commanded; I raiſed my ſails, and rushed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's ſounding bay in lovely Innis-fail (1). High on the coaſt aroſe the towers of Crothar king of ſpears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar raiſed the ſword againſt the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He ſent Oſſian to meet Rothmar in battle, for the chief of Croma was the companion of his youth.

I ſent the bard before me with ſongs; I came into the hall of Crothar. There ſat the hero amidſt the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His gray locks waved around

(1) *Innis-fail*, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

a ſtaff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the ſong of other times, when the ſound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar roſe, ſtretched his aged hand, and bleſſed the ſon of Fingal.

Oſſian! ſaid the hero, the ſtrength of Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the ſword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the firſt of mortal men; but Crothar had alſo his fame. The king of Morven praiſed me, and he placed on my arm the boſſy shield of Calthar, whom the hero had ſlain in war. Doſt thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is thy ſtrength, like thy fathers, Oſſian? let the aged feel thine arm.

I gave my arm to the king; he feels it with his aged hands. The ſigh roſe in his breaſt, and his tears deſcended. Thou art ſtrong, my ſon, he ſaid, but not like the king of Morven. But who is like that hero among the mighty in war! Let the feaſt of my halls be ſpread; and let my bards raiſe the ſong. Great is he that is within my walls, ſons of echoing Croma!

The feaſt is ſpread. The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a ſigh, that darkly dwelt in every breaſt. It was like the faint beam of the moon ſpread

on a cloud in heaven. At length the muſic ceaſed, and the aged king of Croma ſpoke; he ſpoke without a tear, but the ſigh ſwelled in the midſt of his voice.

Son of Fingal! doſt thou not behold the darkneſs of Crothar's hall of ſhells? My ſoul was not dark at the feaſt, when my people lived. I rejoiced in the preſence of ſtrangers, when my ſon ſhone in the hall. But, Oſſian, he is a beam that is departed, and left no ſtreak of light behind. He is fallen, ſon of Fingal, in the battles of his father.—Rothmar the chief of graſſy Tromlo heard that my eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his ſoul aroſe. He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in the hall, but what could ſightleſs Crothar do? My ſteps were unequal; my grief was great. I wiſhed for the days that were paſt. Days! wherein I fought; and conquered in the field of blood. My ſon returned from the chace; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo (1). He had not lifted his ſword in battle, for his arm was young. But the ſoul of the youth was great; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He ſaw the diſordered ſteps of his father, and his ſigh aroſe. King of Croma, he ſaid, is it becauſe thou haſt no ſon; is it for the weakneſs of Fovar-

(1) Faobhar-gorm, *the blue point of ſteel.*

gormo's arm that thy ſighs ariſe? I begin, my father, to feel the ſtrength of my arm; I have drawn the ſword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of Croma: let me meet him, O my father; for I feel my burning ſoul.

And thou ſhalt meet him, I ſaid, ſon of the ſightleſs Crothar! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo!— He went, he met the foe; he fell. The foe advances towards Croma. He who ſlew my ſon is near, with all his pointed ſpears.

It is not time to fill the ſhell, I replied, and took my ſpear. My people ſaw the fire of my eyes, and they roſe around. All night we ſtrode along the heath. Gray morning roſe in the eaſt. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor did it want its blue ſtream. The dark hoſt of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale; they fled; Rothmar ſunk beneath my ſword. Day had not deſcended in the weſt, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands; and joy brightened in his ſoul.

The people gather to the hall; the ſound

of the shells is heard. Ten harps are ſtrung; five bards advance, and ſing, by turns (1);

(1) Thoſe extempore compoſitions were in great repute among ſucceeding bards. The pieces extant of that kind ſhew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The tranſlator has only met with one poem of this ſort, which he thinks worthy of being preſerved. It is a thouſand years later than Oſſian, but the authors ſeem to have obſerved his manner, and adopted ſome of his expreſſions. The ſtory of it is this. Five bards, paſſing the night in the houſe of a chief, who was a poet himſelf, went ſeverally to make their obſervations on, and returned with an extempore deſcription of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem; and in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety which the bards aſcribe to it, in their deſcriptions.

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark. The clouds reſt on the hills. No ſtar with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blaſt in the wood; but I hear it diſtant far. The ſtream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is ſullen and ſad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I ſee a dim form on the plain!——It is a ghoſt!——it fades——it flies. Some funeral ſhall paſs this way: the meteor marks the path.

The diſtant dog is howling from the hut of the

the praiſe of Oſſian; they poured forth their burning ſouls, and the harp anſwered to their

hill. The ſtag lies on the mountain-moſs: the hind is at his ſide. She hears the wind in his branchy horns. She ſtarts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. No beaſt, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafleſs tree: he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, ſad the traveller has loſt his way. Through ſhrubs, through thorns, he goes, along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the fen. He fears the ghoſt of night. The old tree groans to the blaſt; the falling branch reſounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together, along the graſs. It is the light tread of a ghoſt!——He trembles amidſt the night.

Dark, dusky, howling is night, cloudy, windy, and full of ghoſts! The dead are abroad! my friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The ſhower deſcends. The ſpirit of the mountain ſhrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark that ſhriek! he dies:

voice. The joy of Croma was great: for peace returned to the land. The night came on

——The ſtorm drives the horſe from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the ſhower, beſide the mouldering bank.

The hunter ſtarts from ſleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs ſmoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain-ſtreams which meet beſide his booth.

Sad on the ſide of a hill the wandering ſhepherd ſits. The tree reſounds above him. The ſtream roars down the rock. He waits for the riſing moon to guide him to his home.

Ghoſts ride on the ſtorm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the ſqualls of wind. Their ſongs are of other worlds.

The rain is paſt. The dry wind blows. Streams roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I ſee the ſtarry ſky. But the ſhower gathers again. The weſt is gloomy and dark. Night is ſtormy and diſmal; receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind ſtill ſounds between the hills: and whiſtles through the graſs of the rock. The firs fall

with ſilence, and the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkneſs, with his gl

from their place. The turfy hut is torn. The clouds divided, fly over the sky, and shew the burning ſtars. The meteor, token of death! flies ſparkling through the gloom. It reſts on the hill. I ſee the withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his shrowd beneath the tree, by the ſtream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky ſides. The boat is brimful in the cove; the oars on the rocking tide. A maid ſits ſad beſide the rock, and eyes the rolling ſtream. Her lover promiſed to come. She ſaw his boat, when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the shore? Are theſe his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky ſnow deſcends. The tops of the hills are white. The ſtormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold; receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, ſtarry, ſettled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They ſink behind the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glitter; ſtreams shine on the rock. Bright

tering ſpear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar was fallen.

rolls the ſettled lake; bright the ſtream of the vale.

I ſee the trees overturned; the ſhocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the ſhocks, and whiſtles on the diſtant field.

Calm, ſettled, fair is night! —— Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe of ſnow; white arms and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people; ſhe that lately fell. Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that haſt been the delight of heroes! The blaſt drives the phantom away; white, without form, it aſcends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue miſt, ſlowly over the narrow vale. It riſes on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. —— Night is ſettled, calm, blue, ſtarry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the weſt. Slow moves that pale beam along the ſhaded hill. The diſtant wave is heard. The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard

I raiſed my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Cro-

from the booth. More than half the night is paſt. The houſe-wife, groping in the gloom, rekindles the ſettled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He aſcends the hill and whiſtles on his way. A blaſt removes the cloud. He ſees the ſtarry plough of the north. Much of the night is to paſs. He nods by the moſſy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead returning from the air.

The moon reſts behind the hill. The beam is ſtill on that lofty rock. Long are the ſhadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, ſilent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from night.

The CHIEF.

Let clouds reſt on the hills: ſpirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods ariſe, the ſounding ſtorms deſcend. Roar ſtreams and windows flap, and green winged meteors fly; riſe the pale moon from behind her hills, or incloſe her head in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, ſtormy, or gloomy the ſky. Night flies before the beam;

thar was there, but his ſigh was not heard. He ſearched for the wound of his ſon, and found it in his breaſt. Joy roſe in the face of the aged. He came and ſpoke to Oſſian.

King of ſpears! he ſaid, my ſon has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly; but met death, as he went forward in his ſtrength. Happy are they who

when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.

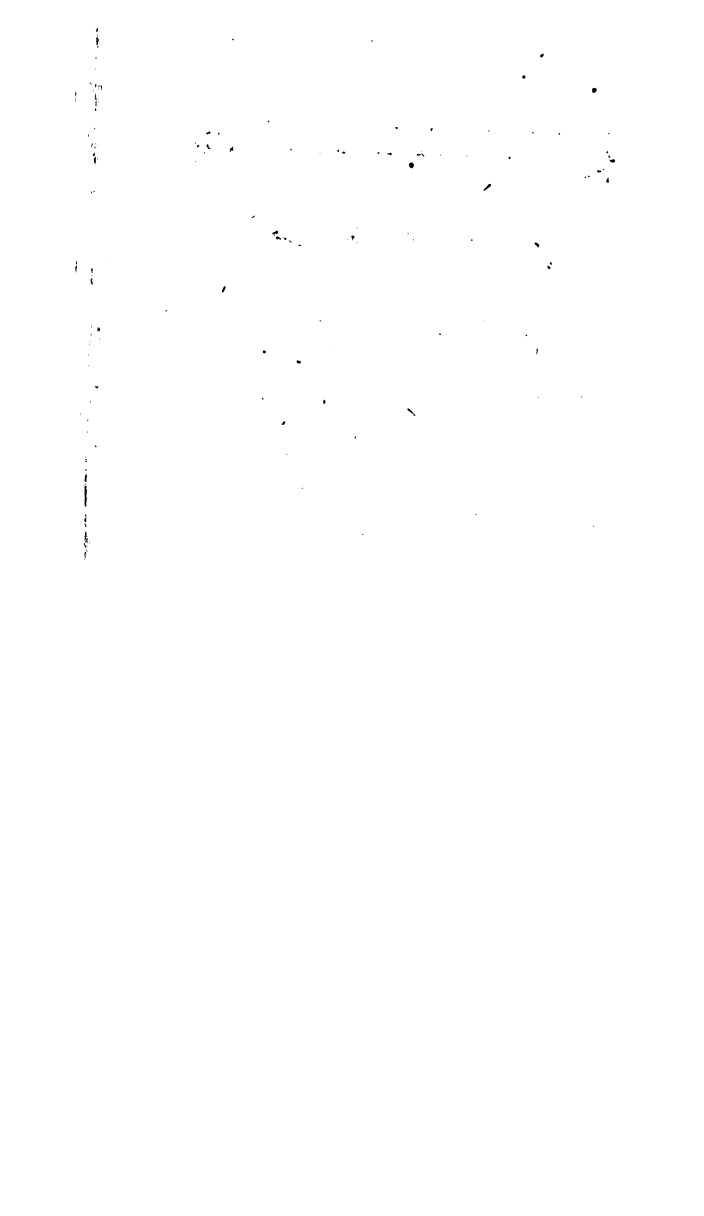
Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are ſilent. Scarce their moſſy tombs remain. We ſhall alſo be forgot. This lofty houſe ſhall fall. Our ſons ſhall not behold the ruins in graſs. They ſhall ask of the aged, "Where ſtood the walls of our fathers?"

Raiſe the ſong, and ſtrike the harp; ſend round the ſhells of joy. Suſpend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let ſome gray bard be near me to tell the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the night paſs until morning ſhall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chace. We ſhall aſcend the hill with day; and awake the deer,

die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall; or ſmile at their trembling hands. Their memory ſhall be honoured in the ſong; the young tear of the virgin falls. But the aged wither away, by degrees, and the fame of their youth begins to be forgot. They fall in ſecret; the ſigh of their ſon is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; and the ſtone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them!

BERRATHON:

A POEM.



BERRATHON (1):

A POEM.

BEND thy blue courſe, O ſtream, round the narrow plain of Lutha (2). Let the green

(1) This poem is reputed to have been compoſed by Oſſian, a little time before his death; and conſequently it is known in tradition by no other name than *Oſſian's laſt hymn*. The tranſlator has taken the liberty to call it *Berrathon*, from the epiſode concerning the re-eſtablishment of Larthmor king of that iſland, after he had been dethroned by his own ſon Uthal. Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin [Fing. B. III.], whither he had been invited by Starno the father of Agandecca, ſo often mentioned in Oſſian's poems, touched at Berrathon, an iſland of Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the petty king of the place, who was a vaſſal of the ſupreme kings of Lochlin. The hoſpitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendſhip, which that hero manifeſted, after the impriſonment of Larthmor by his own ſon, by ſending Oſſian and Toſcar, the father of Malvina ſo often mentioned, to reſcue Larthmor, and to punish the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handſome to a proverb, and conſequently much admired by the ladies. Nina-thoma the beautiful daughter of Torthóma, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved unconſtant; for another lady, whoſe name is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a deſert iſland near the coaſt of Berrathon. She was relieved by Oſſian, who, in company with Toſcar, landing on Berrathon, defeated

woods hang over it from their mountains: and the ſun look on it at noon. The thiſtle is there on its rock, and ſhakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. Why doſt thou awake me, O gale, it ſeems to ſay, I am covered with the drops of heaven? The time of my fading is near, and the

the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a ſingle combat. Nina-thoma, whoſe love not all the bad behaviour of Uthal could eraſe, hearing of his death, died of grief. In the mean time Larthmor is reſtored, and Oſſian and Toſcar returned in triumph to Fingal.

The preſent poem opens with an elegy on the death of Malvina the daughter of Toſcar, and cloſes with preſages of the poet's death. It is almoſt altogether in a lyric meaſure, and has that melancholy air which diſtinguiſhes the remains of the works of Oſſian. If ever he compoſed any thing of a merry turn, it is long ſince loſt. The ſerious and melancholy make the moſt laſting impreſſions on the human mind, and bid faireſt for being tranſmitted from generation to generation by tradition. Nor is it probable that Oſſian dealt much in chearful compoſition. Melancholy is ſo much the companion of a great genius, that it is difficult to ſeparate the idea of levity from chearfulneſs, which is ſometimes the mark of an amiable diſpoſition, but never the characteriſtic of elevated parts.

(a) Lutha, *ſwift ſtream*. It is impoſſible, at this diſtance of time, to aſcertain where the ſcene here deſcribed lies. Tradition is ſilent on that head, and there is nothing in the poem from which a conjecture can be drawn.

blaſt that ſhall ſcatter my leaves. To-morrow ſhall the traveller come; he that ſaw me in my beauty ſhall come; his eyes will ſearch the field, but they will not find me. — So ſhall they ſearch in vain, for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. The hunter ſhall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp ſhall not be heard. « Where is the ſon of car-borne Fingal? » The tear will be on his cheek.

Then come thou, O Malvina (1), with all thy muſic, come; lay Oſſian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb riſe in the lovely field.—Malvina! where art thou, with thy ſongs: with the ſoft ſound of thy ſteps? —Son (2) of Alpin, art thou near? where is the daughter of Toſcar?

I paſſed, O ſon of Fingal, by Tar-lutha's moſſy walls. The ſmoke of the hall was ceaſed: ſilence was among the trees of the hill. The voice of the chace was over. I ſaw the daughters of the bow. I asked about Malvina, but they anſwered not. They turned

(1) Mal-mhina, *ſoft or lovely brow. Mh* in the Galic language has the ſame ſound with *v* in Engliſh.

(2) Tradition has not handed down the name of this ſon of Alpin His father was one of Fingal's principal bards, and he appears himſelf to have had a poetical genius.

their faces away: thin darkneſs covered their beauty. They were like ſtars, on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her miſt.

Pleaſant (1) be thy reſt, O lovely beam! ſoon haſt thou ſet on our hills! The ſteps of thy departure were ſtately, like the moon on the blue, trembling wave. But thou haſt left us in darkneſs, firſt of the maids of Lutha! We ſit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon haſt thou ſet, Malvina, daughter of generous Toſcar!

But thou riſeſt like the beam of the eaſt, among the ſpirits of thy friends, where they ſit in their ſtormy halls, the chambers of the thunder. — A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling ſides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling (2) of Fingal. There the hero

(1) Oſſian ſpeaks. He calls Malvina a beam of light, and continues the metaphor throughout the paragraph.

(2) The deſcription of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of thoſe times, concerning the ſtate of the deceaſed, who were ſuppoſed to purſue, after death, the pleaſures and employments of their former life. The ſituation of Oſſian's heroes in their ſeparate

ſits in darkneſs; his airy ſpear is in his hand. His shield half covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half ſtill remains in the wave, and the other looks ſickly on the field.

His friends ſit around the king, on miſt; and hear the ſongs of Ullin: he ſtrikes the half-viewleſs harp; and raiſes the feeble voice. The leſſer heroes, with a thouſand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina riſes, in the midſt; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers, and turns aſide her humid eyes.

Art thou come ſo ſoon, ſaid Fingal, daughter of generous Toſcar? Sadneſs dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged ſon (1) is ſad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy ruſtling wing, O breeze! and ſigh on Malvina's tomb. It riſes yonder beneath the rock,

ſtate, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable, than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See Hom. Odyſſ. l. 11.

(1) Oſſian; who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his ſon Oſcar, and her attention to his own poems.

at the blue ſtream of Lutha. The maids (1) are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze, mourneſt there.

But who comes from the dusky weſt, ſupported on a cloud? A ſmile is on his gray, watry face; his locks of miſt fly on the wind: he bends forward on his airy ſpear: it is thy father, Malvina! Why ſhineſt thou, ſo ſoon, on our clouds, he ſays, O lovely light of Lutha! — But thou wert ſad, my daughter, for thy friends were paſſed away. The ſons of little men (2) were in the hall; and none remained of the heroes, but Oſſian king of ſpears.

And doſt thou remember Oſſian, car-borne Toſcar (3) ſon of Conloch? The battles of our

(1) That is, the young virgins who ſung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

(2) Oſſian, by way of diſreſpect, calls thoſe, who ſucceeded the heroes whoſe actions he celebrates, *the ſons of little men.* Tradition is entirely ſilent concerning what paſſed in the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his heroes; but it appears from that term of ignominy juſt mentioned, that the actions of their ſucceſſors were not to be compared to thoſe of the renowned Fingalians.

(3) Toſcar was the ſon of that Conloch, who was alſo father to the lady, whoſe unfortunate death is related in the laſt epiſode of the ſecond book of Fingal.

youth were many; our ſwords went together to the field. They ſaw us coming like two falling rocks; and the ſons of the ſtranger fled. There come the warriors of Cona, they ſaid; their ſteps are in the paths of the vanquished.

Draw near, ſon of Alpin, to the ſong of the aged. The actions of other times are in my ſoul: my memory beams on the days that are paſt; on the days of the mighty Toſcar, when our path was in the deep. Draw near, ſon of Alpin, to the laſt ſound (1) of the voice of Cona.

The king of Morven commanded, and I raiſed my ſails to the wind. Toſcar chief of Lutha ſtood at my ſide, as I roſe on the dark-blue wave. Our courſe was to ſea-ſurrounded Berrathon (2), the iſle of many ſtorms. There dwelt, with his locks of age, the ſtately ſtrength of Larthmor. Larthmor who ſpread the feaſt of ſhells to Comhal's mighty ſon,

(1) Oſſian ſeems to intimate by this expreſſion, that this poem was the laſt of his compoſition; ſo that there is ſome foundation for the traditional title of *the laſt hymn of Oſſian*.

(2) Barrathón, *a promontory in the midſt of waves.* The poet gives it the epithet of ſea-ſurrounded, to prevent its being taken for a peninſula in the literal ſenſe.

when he went to Starno's halls, in the days of Agandecca. But when the chief was old, the pride of his ſon aroſe, the pride of fair-haired Uthal, the love of a thouſand maids. He bound the aged Larthmor, and dwelt in his ſounding halls.

Long pined the king in his cave, beſide his rolling ſea. Morning did not come to his dwelling; nor the burning oak by night. But the wind of ocean was there, and the parting beam of the moon. The red ſtar looked on the king, when it trembled on the weſtern wave. Snitho came to Selma's hall: Snitho companion of Larthmor's youth. He told of the king of Berrathon: the wrath of Fingal roſe. Thrice he aſſumed the ſpear, reſolved to ſtretch his hand to Uthal. But the memory (1) of his actions roſe before the king, and he ſent his ſon and Toſcar. Our joy was great on the rolling ſea; and we often half unſheathed our ſwords (2). For never before

(1) The meaning of the poet is, that Fingal remembered his own great actions, and conſequently would not ſully them by engaging in a petty war againſt Uthal, who was ſo far his inferior in valour and power.

(2) The impatience of young warriors, going on their firſt expedition, is well marked by their half-drawing their ſwords. The modeſty of Oſſian, in his narration of a ſtory which does him ſo much

bad

had we fought alone, in the battles of the ſpear. Night came down on the ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red ſtars lift their heads. Our courſe is ſlow along the coaſt of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks.

What voice is that, ſaid Toſcar, which comes between the ſounds of the waves? It is ſoft, but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid (1); she ſits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of ſnow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, ſon of Fingal, her ſong, it is ſmooth as the gliding waters of Lavath.—We came to the ſilent bay, and heard the maid of night.

How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whiſtling tree. The feaſt was ſpread in Torthóma's

honour, is remarkable; and his humanity to Nina-thoma would grace a hero of our own polished age. Though Oſſian paſſes over his own actions in ſilence, or ſlightly mentions them; tradition has done ample juſtice to his martial fame, and perhaps has exaggerated the actions of the poet beyond the bounds of credibility.

(1) Nina-thoma the daughter of Torthóma, who had been confined to a deſert iſland by her lover Uthal.

hall; my father delighted in my voic
youths beheld me in the ſteps of my lov
and they bleſſed the dark-haired Nina-t
It was then thou didſt come, O Uthal
the ſun of heaven. The ſouls of the v
are thine, ſon of generous Larthmor!
why doſt thou leave me alone in the mid
roaring waters. Was my ſoul dark with
death? Did my white hand lift the ſw
Why then haſt thou left me alone, kin
high Finthormo (1)!

The tear ſtarted from my eye, when
heard the voice of the maid. I ſtood befo
her in my arms, and ſpoke the words o
peace.—Lovely dweller of the cave, wha
ſigh is in that breaſt? Shall Oſſian lift hi
ſword in thy preſence, the deſtruction o
thy foes?—Daughter of Torthóma, riſe,
have heard the words of thy grief. The rac
of Morven are around thee, who neve
injured the weak. Come to our dark-boſome
ſhip, thou brighter than that ſetting moon
Our courſe is to the rocky Berrathon, t
the echoing walls of Finthormo.—She cam
in her beauty, she came with all her lovel
ſteps. Silent joy brightened in her face, a

(1) Finthormo, the palace of Uthal. The nam
in this epiſode are not of a Celtic original; whic
makes it probable that Oſſian founds his poem o
a true ſtory.

when the shadows fly from the field of ſpring; the blue ſtream is rolling in brightneſs, and the green bush bends over its courſe.

The morning roſe with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from the wood; my ſpear pierced his ſide. I rejoiced over the blood (1), and foreſaw my growing fame. — But now the ſound of Uthal's train came from the high Finthormo; they ſpread over the heath to the chace of the boar. Himſelf comes ſlowly on, in the pride of his ſtrength. He lifts two pointed ſpears. On his ſide is the hero's ſword. Three youths carry his polished bows: the bounding of five dogs is before him. His warriors move on, at a diſtance, admiring the ſteps of the king. Stately was the ſon of Larthmor; but his ſoul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it foretels the ſtorms.

We roſe on the heath before the king; he ſtopt in the midſt of his courſe. His warriors gathered around, and a gray-haired bard advanced. Whence are the ſons of the ſtrangers? begun the bard. The children of the unhappy

(1) Oſſian thought that his killing the boar, on his firſt landing in Berrathon, was a good omen of his future ſucceſs in that iſland. The preſent highlanders look, with a degree of ſuperſtition, upon the ſucceſs of their firſt action, after they have engaged in any deſperate undertaking.

come to Berrathon; to the ſword of car-borne Uthal. He ſpreads no feaſt in his hall: the blood of ſtrangers is on his ſtreams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the moſſy walls of Fingal, chuſe three youths to go to your king to tell of the fall of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's ſword; ſo ſhall the fame of Finthormo ariſe, like the growing tree of the vale.

Never will it riſe, O bard, I ſaid in the pride of my wrath. He would ſhrink in the preſence of Fingal, whoſe eyes are the flames of death. The ſon of Comhal comes, and the kings vaniſh in his preſence; they are rolled together, like miſt, by the breath of his rage. Shall three tell to Fingal, that his people fell? Yes!—they may tell it, bard! but his people ſhall fall with fame.

I ſtood in the darkneſs of my ſtrength; Toſcar drew his ſword at my ſide. The foe came on like a ſtream: the mingled ſound of death aroſe. Man took man, ſhield met ſhield; ſteel mixed its beams with ſteel.—Darts hiſs through air; ſpears ring on mails; and ſwords on broken bucklers bound. As the noiſe of an aged grove beneath the roaring wind, when a thouſand ghoſts break the trees by night, ſuch was the din of arms.—But Uthal fell beneath my ſword; and the ſons of Berra-

thon fled.—It was then I ſaw him in his beauty, and the tear hung in my eye. Thou art fallen (1), young tree, I ſaid, with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the deſart, and there is no ſound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, ſon of car-borne Larthmor!

Nina-thoma ſat on the shore, and heard the ſound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmal, the gray-haired bard of Selma, for he had remained on the coaſt, with the daughter of Torthóma. Son of the times of old! she ſaid, I hear the noiſe of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal, and the chief is low. O that I had remained on the rock, incloſed with the tumbling waves! Then

(1) To mourn over the fall of their enemies was a practice univerſal among Oſſian's heroes. This is more agreeable to humanity, than the shameful inſulting of the dead, ſo common in Homer, and after him, ſervilely copied by all his imitators, the humane Virgil not excepted, who have been more ſucceſsful in borrowing the imperfections of that great poet, than in their imitations of his beauties. Homer, it is probable, gave the manners of the times in which he wrote, not his own ſentiments: Oſſian alſo ſeems to keep to the ſentiments of his heroes. The reverence, which the moſt barbarous highlanders have ſtill for the remains of the deceaſed, ſeems to have deſcended to them from their moſt remote anceſtors.

would my ſoul be ſad, but his death w
not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on
heath, O ſon of high Finthormo! thou d
leave me on a rock, but my ſoul was
of thee. Son of high Finthormo! art th
fallen on thy heath?

She roſe pale in her tears, and ſaw th
bloody shield of Uthal; she ſaw it in Oſſian
hand; her ſteps were diſtracted on the heath.
She flew; she found him; she fell. Her ſou
came forth in a ſigh. Her hair is ſpread on his
face. My burſting tears deſcend. A tomb aroſe
on the unhappy; and my ſong was heard.

Reſt, hapleſs children of youth! at the
noiſe of that moſſy ſtream. The virgins will
ſee your tomb, at the chace, and turn away
their weeping eyes. Your fame will be in
the ſong; the voice of the harp will be heard
in your praiſe. The daughters of Selma shall
hear it; and your renown shall be in other
lands.—Reſt, children of youth, at the noiſe
of the moſſy ſtream.

Two days we remained on the coaſt. The
heroes of Berrathon convened. We brought
Larthmor to his halls; the feaſt of shells was
ſpread. — The joy of the aged was great; he
looked to the arms of his fathers; the arms
which he left in his hall, when the pride of
Uthal aroſe.—We were renowned before

Larthmor, and he bleſſed the chiefs of Morven; but he knew not that his ſon was low, the ſtately ſtrength of Uthal. They had told, that he had retired to the woods, with the tears of grief; they had told it; but he was ſilent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we raiſed our ſails to the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor came to the coaſt, and his bards raiſed the ſong. The joy of the king was great, he looked to Rothma's gloomy heath; he ſaw the tomb of his ſon; and the memory of Uthal roſe.—Who of my heroes, he ſaid, lies there? he ſeems to have been of the kings of ſpears. Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal roſe?

Ye are ſilent, ye ſons of Berrathon: is the king of heroes low?—My heart melts for thee, O Uthal! though thy hand was againſt thy father.—O that I had remained in the cave! that my ſon had dwelt in Finthormo!—I might have heard the tread of his feet, when he went to the chace of the boar.—I might have heard his voice on the blaſt of my cave. Then would my ſoul be glad: but now darkneſs dwells in my halls.

Such were my deeds, ſon of Alpin, when the arm of my youth was ſtrong; ſuch were (1) the actions of Toſcar, the car-borne

(1) Oſſian ſpeaks.

ſon of Conloch. But Toſcar is on his flying cloud; and I am alone at Lutha: my voice is like the laſt ſound of the wind, when it forſakes the woods. But Oſſian ſhall not be long alone, he ſees the miſt that ſhall receive his ghoſt. He beholds the miſt that ſhall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The ſons of little men ſhall behold me, and admire the ſtature of the chiefs of old. They ſhall creep to their caves, and look to the sky with fear; for my ſteps ſhall be in the clouds, and darkneſs ſhall roll on my ſide.

Lead, ſon of Alpin, lead the aged to his woods. The winds begin to riſe. The dark wave of the lake reſounds. Bends there not a tree from Mora with its branches bare? It bends, ſon of Alpin, in the ruſtling blaſt. My harp hangs on a blaſted branch. The ſound of its ſtrings is mournful. — Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it ſome paſſing ghoſt! — It is the hand of Malvina! but bring me the harp, ſon of Alpin; another ſong ſhall riſe. My ſoul ſhall depart in the ſound; my fathers ſhall hear it in their airy hall. — Their dim faces ſhall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their hands receive their ſon.

(1) The aged oak bends over the ſtream.

(1) Here begins the lyric piece, with which, tra-

It ſighs with all its moſs. The withered fern whiſtles near, and mixes, at it waves, with Oſſian's hair.—Strike the harp and raiſe the ſong: be near, with all your wings, ye winds! Bear the mournful ſound away to Fingal's airy hall. Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear the voice of his ſon; the voice of him that praiſed the mighty.—The blaſt of the north opens thy gates, O king! and I behold thee ſitting on miſt, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant; but like a watry cloud; when we ſee the ſtars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy ſhield is like the aged moon: thy ſword a vapour half-kindled with fire. Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightneſs before.—

But thy ſteps (1) are on the winds of the

dition ſays, Oſſian concluded his poems. —— It is ſet to muſic, and ſtill ſung in the north, with a great deal of wild ſimplicity, but little variety of ſound.

(1) This magnificent deſcription of the power of Fingal over the winds and ſtorms, and the image of his taking the ſun, and hiding him in the clouds, do not correſpond with the preceding paragraph, where he his repreſented as a feeble ghoſt, and no more the TERROR OF THE VALIANT; but it agrees with the notion of the times concerning the ſouls of the deceaſed, who, it was ſuppoſed, had the command of the winds and ſtorms, but in combat were not a match for valiant men.

deſart, and the ſtorms darken in thy hand. Thou takeſt the ſun in thy wrath, and hideſt him in thy clouds. The ſons of little men are afraid, and a thouſand showers deſcend.—

But when thou comeſt forth in thy mildneſs; the gale of the morning is near thy courſe. The ſun laughs in his blue fields; and the gray ſtream winds in its valley.—The bushes shake their green heads in the wind. The roes bound towards the deſart.

But there is a murmur in the heath! the ſtormy winds abate! I hear the voice of Fingal. Long has it been abſent from mine ear!—Come, Oſſian, come away, he ſays: Fingal has received his fame. We paſſed away, like flames that had shone for a ſeaſon, our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and ſilent; our fame is in the four gray ſtones. The voice of Oſſian has been heard; and the harp was ſtrung in

It was the immoderate praiſe beſtowed by the poets on their departed friends, that gave the firſt hint to ſuperſtition to deify the deceaſed heroes; and thoſe new divinities owed all their attributes to the fancy of the bard who ſung their elegies.

We do not find, that the praiſes of Fingal had this effect upon his countrymen; but that is to be imputed to the idea they had of power, which they always connected with bodily ſtrength and perſonal valour, both which were diſſolved by death.

Selma.—Come Oſſian, come away, he ſays, and fly with thy fathers on clouds.

And come I will, thou king of men! the life of Oſſian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona; and my ſteps are not ſeen in Selma. Beſide the ſtone of Mora I ſhall fall aſleep. The winds whiſtling in my grey hair ſhall not waken me.—Depart on thy wings, O wind: thou canſt not diſturb the reſt of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy; depart, thou ruſtling blaſt.

But why art thou ſad, ſon of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy ſoul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The ſons of future years ſhall paſs away; and another race ariſe. The people are like the waves of ocean: like the leaves (1) of woody Morven, they paſs away

(1) The ſame thought may be found almoſt in the ſame words, in Homer. Il. vi. 46.

Οἵη περφύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα τα μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δὲ θ' ὕλη
Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη.

Mr. Pope falls ſhort of his original; in particular he has omitted altogether the beautiful image of the wind ſtrewing the withered leaves on the ground.

Like leaves on trees the race of men are found,

in the ruſtling blaſt, and other leaves lift their green heads.—

Did thy beauty laſt, O Ryno (1)? Stood

Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe.

POPE.

(1) Ryno, the ſon of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war againſt Swaran, (Fing. b. 5.) was remarkable for the beauty of his perſon, his ſwiftneſs and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and ſiſter to Gaul ſo often mentioned in Oſſian's compoſitions, was in love with Ryno.—— Her lamentation over her lover is introduced as an epiſode in one of Oſſian's great poems. The lamentation is the only part of the poem now extant, and as it has ſome poetical merit, I have ſubjoined it to this note. The poet repreſents Minvane as ſeeing, from one of the rocks of Morven, the fleet of Fingal returning from Ireland.

SHE blushing ſad, from Morven's rocks, bends over the darkly-rolling ſea. She ſaw the youths in all their arms.——Where, Ryno, where art thou?

Our dark looks told that he was low;——That pale the hero flew on clouds; That in the graſs of Morven's hills, his feeble voice was heard in wind.

And is the ſon of Fingal fallen, on Ullin's moſſy plains? Strong was the arm that conquered him?——Ah me! I am alone.

ſtrength of car-borne Oſcar? Fingal him- paſſed away; and the halls of his fa-

one I will not be, ye winds! that lift my -brown hair. My ſighs will not long mix with ſtream; for I muſt ſleep with Ryno.

ſee thee not with beauty's ſteps returning from :hace.——The night is round Minvane's love, ſilence dwells with Ryno.

'here are thy dogs, and where thy bow? Thy d that was ſo ſtrong? Thy ſword like heaven's :nding fire? The bloody ſpear of Ryno?

ſee them mixed in thy ſhip; I ſee them ſtain- ith blood.——No arms are in thy narrow hall, arkly-dwelling Ryno!

'hen will the morning come, and ſay, ariſe, king of ſpears! ariſe, the hunters are abroad. ninds are near thee, Ryno!

way, thou fair-haired morning, away! the bering king hears thee not! The hinds bound his narrow tomb; for death dwells round g Ryno.

it I will tread ſoftly, my king! and ſteal to bed of thy repoſe. Minvane will lie in ſilence, her ſlumbering Ryno.

thers forgot his ſteps.—And ſhalt thou re main, aged bard! when the mighty hav failed?—But my fame ſhall remain, an grow like the oak of Morven; which lift its broad head to the ſtorm, and rejoices i the courſe of the wind.

The maids ſhall ſeek me; but they ſhall not fin me: they ſhall follow my departure with ſongs But I will not hear you, O maids! I ſleep wit fair-haired Ryno.

The end of the ſecond Volume.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the printing of the ſecond Edition, Doctor Warner published a pamphlet, entitled, *Remarks on the Hiſtory of Fingal and other Poems of Oſſian.* The Doctor, it appears, is compiling a general hiſtory of Ireland, and is of opinion that Oſſian, and the heroes he celebrates, were natives of that country. As he has advanced no argument to ſupport ſo ſingular an opinion, I ſhould have paſſed over his pamphlet in ſilence, had he not too precipitately accuſed me of a falſe quotation from O'Flaherty. I had ſaid, in a note, on one of the leſſer poems of Oſſian, that *Fingal is celebrated by the Irish hiſtorians, for his wiſdom in making laws, his poetical genius, and his foreknowledge of events, and that O'Flaherty goes ſo far as to ſay, that Fingal's laws were extant, when he (O'Flaherty) wrote his Ogygia.* The Doctor denies that there is any ſuch thing in O'Flaherty; and modeſtly quotes a paſſage from the ſame Author, which he ſuppoſes, I have miſrepreſented. I ſhall here give the whole paragraph, and the world will judge whether the Doctor has not been too haſty in his aſſertions. *Finnius ex Morniâ filia Thaddæi, filius Cuballi, juriſprudentiâ, ſuper quâ ſcripta ejus hactenus extant, carminibus patriis, &, ut quidam ferunt, prophetiis celeberrimus, qui ob egregia ſua, & militia ſua,*

facinora uberrimam vulgo, & poetis commiſcendi materiem relinquens, a nullâ ætate reticebitur. Ogyg. p. 338.

As the Doctor founds his claim of Oſſian and his heroes, on the authority of ſome obſcure paſſages in Keating and O'Flaherty, what he ſays on the ſubject ſtands ſelf-confuted. Theſe writers neither meet with, nor deſerve credit. Credulous and partial, they have altogether diſgraced the antiquities they meant to eſtablish. Without producing records, or even following the ancient traditions of their country, they formed an ideal ſyſtem of antiquity, from legends of modern invention. Sir James Ware, who was indefatigable in his reſearches, after the monuments of the Irish hiſtory, and had collected all the real, and pretendedly ancient manuſcripts, concerning the antiquity of his nation, rejects as mere fiction and romance, all that is ſaid concerning the times before Saint Patrick, and the reign of Leogaire, in the fifth century I ſhall tranſcribe the paſſage, for the benefit of thoſe who are compiling the hiſtory of Ireland from the *earlieſt ages*, and at the ſame time, caution them, not to look upon the antiquities of that country, through the falſe mediums of Keating and O'Flaherty. *Perexiguam ſupereſſe notitiam rerum in Hyberniâ geſtarum ante exortam ibi evangelii auroram liquido conſtat.*

DVERTISEMENT.

latet a viris nonnullis doctis plera-
e antiquioribus illis temporibus ante
i in Hyberniam adventum traduntur,
gmenta eſſe exploſa. Notandum qui-
iptiones fere omnium quæ de illis tem-
antiquioribus dico) extant , opera
iorum ſeculorum.

Waræus de antiq. Præf. p. 1.

obſerve that the Doctor's claiming
oems (p. 8.) *in formâ pauperis*,
invalidates his cauſe, but is alſo no
teel compliment to the Irish nation.
rom being of his opinion, that that
n produce no monument of genius,
works of Oſſian, should theſe be
ded to them. On the contrary, I am
d that Ireland has produced men of
d diſtinguished abilities, which,
anding the Doctor's preſent opinion,
will appear from his own hiſtory,
igh he, confeſſedly, does not under-
language, or ancient records of that

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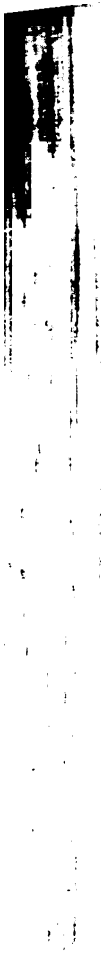
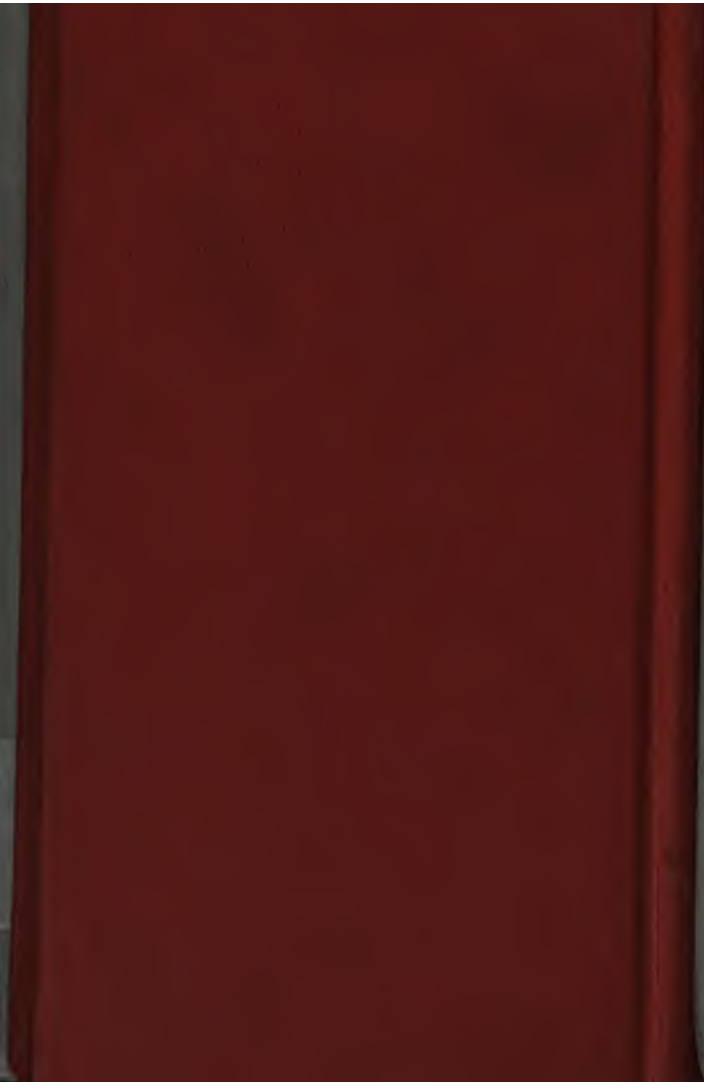
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